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for only **1/-** PER WEEK

THE "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE

is daily transforming thin and weakly men of all ages from 16 to 65 into human dynamos of colossal strength and superlative muscular development. Simple to follow with no special diets and requiring in some cases only 10 mins., and never more than 20 mins., of time every day, it can lift you from Physical mediocrity to the very pinnacle of perfection. Every lesson is "personal" to you—NOT a cut and dried "system." If you desire special development, or have weaknesses to overcome, my instructions are specially adapted to your case. Besides great strength and superlative muscular development my "World-Beater" Course never fails to produce Radiant Health, Virile Masculinity and Magnetic, Dominating Personality. It shows how to overcome Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh, Poor Circulation, Anæmia, Pimples, Bad Breath and Bad Habits. It teaches the true secrets of Scientific Respiration, Muscle Manipulation and Weight Increase wherever desired (excessive fat disappears automatically). All this is Guaranteed. . . . . More than 90 per cent. of my pupils report Prize Winning Progress in Radiant Health, Stamina and Muscular Development after the first 28 days only.

The MAN-METER PLAN

THE MAN-METER PLAN has been evolved by the world's leading Physical Culture experts and embodies their combined experience and study of over half a million men. It is based on the scientific principle that bone structure governs bodily form, determining and limiting the amount of muscular and other non-fatty tissue borne by the supporting bones. It is so simple and easy that anyone can apply it to himself in five minutes and know at once how high he stands in manhood.

This is what you must do :—

(1) Measure your chest at its normal position (not fully expanded, not contracted); measure your Biceps, with your arm bent; measure your neck; measure your thigh.
(2) Add these four measurements together.
(3) Measure your wrist, very carefully and exactly.
(4) Finally, divide your wrist measurement into the sum total of your other measurements.

For instance: suppose your Chest measures 37 ins., your Biceps 13 ins., Neck 14 ins., and Thigh 20 ins. This adds up to a total of 84 ins. Now, if your wrist measures 7 ins., it will divide into 84 to give you an answer of 12 exactly.

If YOUR answer is 14 or more—and you are not carrying fat—you are approaching the maximum of physical development.

If it is 13½ or over you are on the way. If it's 13 or over you are just fair. But—if it's less than 13 you ought to stop and think, for your measurements are much below standard—you are very far indeed from Supermanity.

Superman, Average Man, Sub-Man—the MAN-METER PLAN will tell you plainly and fairly what manner of man you are.

YOU WANT A BODY LIKE

Pupil J. E. Burrell, of Kensington, increased body-weight 15 lb., chest 6 ins. in 1 month.

Pupil J. McCarthy, of Newport, Mon., increased measurements 23 ins. and body-weight 16 lbs. in first month.

Pupil C. Tuppen, of Hove, increased his measurements 14½ ins. in 28 days.

Pupil V. Lewis, of Swindon, chest increased 4 ins., biceps 3 ins., weight 17 lbs. in first month of training.

Pupil S. Reeves, of Highgate, increased body-weight 13 lbs. in first month.

Pupil A. Tudor, of Manchester (15 years of age), chest increased 5½ ins. in first 28 days.

THESE PUPILS HAVE TRAINED for 28 DAYS on the

of Man are You? Average or SUPERMAN

LAURANCE

Triple Undefeated Strength Champion of Great Britain and Olympic Games Representative

THE "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE

apart from creating fine physique and exceptional strength, is specially and personally adapted by Mr. Laurance for those who require it to give POSITIVE and LASTING FREEDOM FROM

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- ★ Catarrh
- ★ Anaemia
- ★ Underweight
- ★ Constipation
- ★ Lack of Energy
- ★ Circulatory Disorders
- ★ Inferiority Complex
- ★ "Nerves"
- ★ Colds and Coughs
- ★ Obesity

and is indeed the ideal way in which to be rid of these and many other common but troublesome ailments.

ARE YOU LIKE THIS "fitness IN A SWIM SUIT? wins"

IF NOT, THE FAMOUS "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE OF HOME TRAINING WILL MAKE YOU ONE OF THE KINGS OF THE BATHING POOL AND BEACH THIS SUMMER.

I also offer

£1,000 in PRIZES

OPEN TO ALL PUPILS

2 FIRST PRIZES OF £100

2 FIRST PRIZES OF £25

2 FIRST PRIZES OF £15

Every Pupil has nine separate chances of winning one of the monthly awards of £10, £5 or £1, a medal or diploma, besides a chance to win one of the larger awards of £100, £25 or £15 for progress over the entire Course. These awards are for PROGRESS, so everybody stands the same chance, no matter how weak and "weedy" at the time of enrolment. (The judges under this offer are those well-known P.C. Authorities—The Editor of "Health & Strength" Magazine, George Walsh—Olympic Games Coach, and Frank Miles—Body-Building Expert.)

★ FREE APPARATUS includes the LAURANCE STAMINATOR

The Greatest Body-Building Appliance of All Time—Giant Spinal Developers, Triple Resistance Units, Wrist Units, etc. The "Laurance Staminator" is the most advanced of all Body-Building Appliances and capable of the greatest range of muscle-making and tendon-strengthening movements ever devised—some so gentle as not to fatigue the weakest beginner—some so severe that a professional strong-man can do no more than a few repetitions. Yet it is self-contained, needs no fixing and can be used in the smallest room. All Appliances are Free to "World-Beater" Pupils and become their own property—there's nothing "extra"—only 1/- per week.

THESE - then POST THIS NOW

YOU CAN DO AS WELL.

Pupil G. Rawlinson, of Stoke, weight increased 1 st. 3 lbs. in 28 days.

Pupil J. Leighton, of Glasgow, increased body-weight by 1 st. in two weeks only.

WORLD-BEATER COURSE

COUPON

★Please send me free of cost or obligation, particulars of your "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE which I can obtain for 1/- a week and details of your £1,000 Prize Offer.

★Also Free Copy of your interesting fully illustrated book "Supermanity," together with prospectus of the Laurance Institute and a FREE Presentation Copy of your specially reproduced and autographed Prize-winning Pose Photograph.

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John Bull, 2/7/38.....

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Enclose in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

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15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 2, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Now the Minister for A.R.P.
Exiles Have Enriched Us
Kill "Common Employment"

JOHN BULL threw the first brickbat at A.R.P. chaos. Now we'll throw the first bouquet.

Appointment of Geoffrey Lloyd as a whole-time A.R.P. Minister is sound common-sense.

But one word of advice, Mr. Lloyd. You have been to Berlin and Paris to study air-raid precautions. Now have a look at them in London, Manchester, Sheffield and elsewhere.

And take your new broom. There never were such cobwebs.

Help these Exiles

Help for Jewish political refugees! Next week nearly thirty nations will confer at Evian on this problem.

These victims of Nazi tyranny are a challenge to the conscience of democratic nations.

Each should do its bit to find them a home.

It's not charity. Those who are willing to face exile for their faith or beliefs have strong minds and characters. Britain has been enriched by the political refugees who have sought refuge here throughout the ages.

"J.B." Wins Again

Here's another victory for John Bull. A Royal Commission on workmen's compensation.

No branch of social legislation needs more drastic overhauling. Payments are inadequate; technical loopholes rampant; and larger sums which ought to be available for compensation are absorbed by insurance companies, doctors and lawyers.

Evil Exception

Rightly, the Commission will also consider the vicious doctrine of common employment.

This is the theory that an injured workman cannot obtain damages if the negligence was that of a fellow-employee.

The ancient rule of English law is that a master is responsible for his servant's faults.

"Common employment" is an arbitrary modern exception to this maxim. Scarcely 100 years old, it narrowed injured workmen's redress just when the growth of machine industry was exposing them to greater hazards.

Wives Want Equality

Married women, unite for justice! That's the call of the Married Women's Association, formed last week.

Their policy: equal spending money for husband and wife.

Married women have no wages, they say, and their work's never done.

So busy, indeed, that even the Association was formed by a "Miss"—Miss Monica Whately.

Top-heavy Church

Too many officials at Church headquarters?

That was a complaint at the recent Church Assembly. One official at Westminster for every twelve incumbents in the country.

Don't make the Church top-heavy! Look after the parish priest. He is the man by whom the Church stands or falls!

Cyclists want to reduce road deaths as much as anyone else

Ask the Cyclists

Restrictions on cyclists! Obligatory tracks! Compulsory rear lights! So urge the Transport Advisory Council.

But cyclists say "No." And, right or wrong, 8,000,000 citizens can't be forced.

Seek the cyclists' own proposals. They want to reduce road dangers as much as anyone else.

Indeed, more, for their casualty lists are among the highest: 1,421 killed last year; 14,662 seriously injured.

Youth Awheel

Cycling needs encouragement, not restriction. It is practised by people of all ages and classes, but specially by the young and by those of small means.

It is, for hundreds of thousands, a cheap and quick—sometimes the only—way of getting to and from work.

It builds health and strength. It takes townfolk to sea and country by the exercise of their own limbs. It promotes comradeship.

Signs of the Times

Road safety requires that use of the highway should be as simple as possible for drivers and walkers alike. The decisions needed should be few and easily taken. Signs and signals should be few and clear.

Straighten out the confusion that now exists! A motorist the other day could not stop at a "Halt—Major Road Ahead" sign because it would have meant stopping on a pedestrian safety lane.

Un-Safety Lanes

Reform these safety lanes themselves. Level crossings of the road! A device thought out of date on railways, but the latest thing on highways.

Pity the poor pedestrian!

Pedestrian Puzzlers

These two questions are all he should have to answer: Is this a crossing? Is it safe to cross?

In fact, he must ask himself: Is this a crossing? Is it light-controlled, or is it marked by a beacon?

If light-controlled, are the lights worked by pressing a button, or are they automatic?

If, as most are, they are automatic, what do they show?—for, normally, they are placed so that only the traffic, not the pedestrian, can see them.

If the crossing is marked by a beacon, is it police-controlled or uncontrolled?

Dither and Slither

And, mark you, the most distinctive feature of all crossings is the double row of studs, giving a treacherous semblance of uniformity to widely differing sets of pedestrian rights.

Decide! Act! Do both quickly! That's the way to safety. Dither, then slither. That's what our present pedestrian crossings encourage.

Another Loophole

Here's a pettifogging legal loophole.

A canvasser pays health insurance for seven years, and is then refused an old-age pension Reason: he is an agent, not an employee under a contract of service.

This decision conveys a twofold message to the Ministry of Health: (1) Alter the law which permits this injustice; (2) don't take a man's contributions without finding out first that he's eligible.

Praise the Doctors

Good health depends on good diet. We know what tastes best. But only experts know what feeds best.

Salute, therefore, the Doctor's Cookery Book. Published by the British Medical Association, at 4d., it tells how to feed man, wife and three children for 27s. a week.

Praise the doctors and their book. But condemn the conditions which they have to combat.

Rocketing Prices

That 27s. is the minimum at which health and working efficiency can be kept up. Five years ago it would have been only 22s. But rocketing food prices have pushed it up.

Even so, when the doctors say 27s., they assume that housewives can buy everything at the cheapest. At average prices the figure is 32s.

Empire's Sunset

The sun never sets on the British Empire!

That's the old school's slogan, and they've been blinded by that sun for years.

Trinidad, Jamaica, British Guiana have blurred some of the dazzle. And here's another nasty cloud. Half the thirty British possessions which have ratified conventions about minimum wage-fixing machinery have done nothing to operate the law. That was revealed at the International Labour Conference the other day.

Does the sun ever rise on some parts of our Empire? That's what natives must wonder.

Pity This Baby

(Continuing the story we told a month ago of the father who, ordered by his doctor to get milk essential to his sick baby, is tramping Essex to get it.)

MR. F. H. Lambert, of Chadwell St. Mary, Essex, is not a man who gives up lightly.

But now the lines of worry are deepening on his face.

He looks again and again at the form his doctor gave him authorising the local authority to supply his sick baby with milk which he hasn't the money to buy.

We have described already how he has borne that form from Orsett to Tilbury, Tilbury to Southend, back again to Tilbury, back again to Orsett, and then, after two weeks, to Southend for the third time.

Bravely he has set out again.

He has interviewed three new sets of officials in three entirely different districts since his last wanderings were described.

The precious paper he bears gets thinner and more tattered.

But Baby Lambert is still without the milk.

(To be concluded next week *if humanity triumphs over red tape.*)

Voice of the People

WE'RE surrounded with playing fields here.

Yet, with no playing field, the local cricketers have to play all their games away.

There is water *ad lib.*—including a river. But there is no safe swimming for children.

Keep fit? What a farce!—William Lloyd, 15, Torwerth Terrace, Machynlleth, Mont.

By way of a start, National Fitness Council has given £200,000 to the universities to improve their recreational facilities. Yet, as Mr. Lees-Smith, M.P., shows, total amount available for making Britain fit is only £3,000 per Parliamentary constituency. Shall we call it the fitter undergraduates movement?

Beside the Sea

You can't say we haven't got marvellous sands here at Mablethorpe. They are golden, clean and washed twice daily by the tides.

Children from hundreds of miles away

love them. But as for the local children, they seldom play there.

Yet if a load of builder's sand is tipped in the streets they swarm round like flies, shriek with delight, and in a matter of minutes bestrew it in all directions.—Mrs. Editn Oxley, "Waynflete," Sherwood Road, Mablethorpe, Lincs.

Aberdeen has the longest stretch of sand—33 miles of it—yet local youngsters prefer to risk life and limb in the granite quarries. Such is childhood!

The Real St. Pancras

I have asked priests in this district. I have searched the Bible from end to end. I have questioned officials. I have hunted through every reference book that might possibly help me. And I can't find out who St. Pancras was.—W. S., Midhope Buildings, Argyle Square, King's Cross, W.C.1.

We were surprised, ourselves, to find that some of our finest reference books made no mention of this son of a heathen nobleman who went to Rome when both his parents died, became a Christian and was slain for his religious beliefs when he was fourteen years old—which was just 1634 years ago.

Value for Money

A man I know who is in the electrical industry has had to ask a wealthy manufacturer to decide how he shall pay for his electricity—5d. a unit as consumed, or a halfpenny a unit plus a fixed quarterly charge based on the size of the house.

"Give me the fivepenny," he said. "I don't want any of that cheap ha'penny stuff."—G. W. Evans, 28, North End Avenue, Portsmouth.

Sold Out

I have just been told at a sub-post-office that they were out of 1s. 6d., 1s. and 6d. postal orders.

I was astonished to learn that supplies—even in the case of stamps—are sent weekly, and that when stocks are exhausted they are never renewed until the usual weekly consignment arrives. Does the State *really* want to do business?—Mrs. Gibson, 55, Letham Terrace, Leven, Fifeshire, Scotland.

Says G.P.O.: "Sub-postmasters have only to make their requirements known to get additional supplies. If they don't they are doing themselves a bad turn, seeing that the bulk of their salaries depends on the number of units of business they transact."

ALL ABOUT—

I am fourteen—still at school. I am still being crammed with all sorts of information about King Charles's head, Gunpowder Plot, and so on—but nothing about the modern world and modern politics.

How can they expect us to use our votes wisely when we get them?—N. D., Horley Green Road, Claremont, Halifax.

I shall soon be eighteen.

If war were declared, I should then be of military age. I could be sent by the Government to be blown to pieces.

But, for years yet, I shall not be allowed to have my say in the choosing of a Government.—E. Preston, 3, Harewood Street, Leicester.

I am a scholarship boy supposed to be enjoying a "free education" at a High School.

You should see the bills for school uniforms, athletic and sports subscriptions, etc., all beyond reach of my working parents.

You'd wonder what that word "free" means.—A. M. J., Peabody Estate, Camberwell Green, S.E.5.

We have just had a school dictation;

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity"—and much more in the same vein.

We want careers. We won't be content to merely shine at spelling bees.—Master Kenneth Hope, aged thirteen, Chorley New Road, Horwich, near Bolton, Lancs.

Until three years ago I was a secondary school boy who had to help at home.

That makes no difference to homework. Schools don't recognise the necessity for certain boys and girls to be little grown-ups in the carrying on of homes.

Result: I worked from 9 until 10.45 p.m. (bed-time) every night. Have had a nervous breakdown at the beginning of my career.

Worse still, never had time to learn the secret of "making friends," and am now without a pal in the world except my bicycle.—E. Oldham, 31, Scott Road, Droylesden, Manchester.

We young people are supposed to be a frittering, gadabout lot.

Well, out of my 27s. a week I give mother 12s. and out of the rest have to buy all my clothes, entertainment, holidays, gifts and so on.

I am typical of my generation. How to remove the idea that we are spendthrifts without a thought for the future?—Miss C. Davies, 16, Whately Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

Tell-tale Traits

I told a detective friend what disguise I should employ if ever the police were after me. His reply surprised me.

"We wouldn't bother about describing your face," he said. I would circulate a message for a man about 5 ft. 10 in., long body, short legs, protruding ears, who walks jerkily with bent knees and palms to the rear, and who would find it hard to dispense with spectacles."—C. E. Welch, 27, Taff Street, Porth, Rhondda.

Of first importance to Scotland Yard is how a man walks. He cannot disguise that except by adopting unnatural gait which draws attention to him.

Sunnyside Up

For thirty years all the happiest happenings in our family have been written on the underside of the kitchen table, making, by this time, a most delightful record. We often turn up the table and "look on the bright side."—Miss A. M. W., Syston, Mangotsfield, Bristol.

Bough—Wow

With the exception of the off hind leg, this dog—found in a garden in a neighbouring village—consists of a log. The wood grew in this way without any artificial control.—A. C. B. Hardwick, 75, High Street, Wells, Somerset.

He's certainly got more bark than bite.

"Reconditioned"

Unemployed, and hating it, I have cultivated a 40-perch allotment to make things a little brighter at home. So the authorities have knocked 3s. off my P.A. allowance leaving me the worse off for my effort.

Nationally, we are bad psychologists. We pay away big money to "recondition" the unemployed. But we don't encourage them to keep themselves, by healthy gardening, up to the standard that needs no reconditioning.—A. S. C., Cardiff.

When men leave some of the reconditioning camps we have described they need a bit of open-air life to pull them together again.

Morning After

Having had a night out with old pals, I woke up the next morning feeling so unequal to a day's work that I decided to ring the boss before he left home for the office. I asked for the day off.

"Yes, certainly," he replied. Then, with a roar of laughter, "But don't forget to turn up on Monday, as usual."

It was Sunday morning!—R. E. L., Auburn Road, Liverpool 13.

Cunning

The modern boy has to have a variety of ages.

He must be fourteen when attending a football match, sixteen when he is caught smoking, seventeen when he takes a girl out, and twenty-one to go in for football pools—with a few more ages thrown in. Yet he is usually cunning enough to carry it off.—J. E. Singleton, 7, Oddy Place, Moor Road, Leeds.

Jobs for Sale

I know an unemployed man who couldn't get one of the jobs advertised by a certain factory because he couldn't "lend" the timekeeper who met him at the gate the sum of two pounds.

When I expressed amazement, he said with a grim chuckle: "Why, at So-and-so's it is a pound. At ——'s only ten shillings."

Surely men aren't so mean?—George Oliver, 157, Canterbury Avenue, Slough, Bucks.

Sad to say, many are. In some places overtime goes to men who deposit money in a wash-basin for the foreman. It is estimated by Bribery Prevention League that 1,000 cases of bribery go undiscovered for every one found out.

We Want to Know!

What you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—where you can help us to help you.

Wyndham Childs .. Page 14
Greatest of These— .... Page 23
Human Documents .... Page 22
True Story ..... Page 30

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

HALF OUR CRIMINALS ARE UNDER 21!

IMMEDIATE and concerted action must be taken to fight the growing wave of juvenile crime.

Government departments, local authorities, magistrates and welfare workers should combine at once to check and to cure this growing social menace.

It is futile to continue "official enquiries." The facts stand out, shouting their warning.

Last week the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police issued his annual report.

And just grasp this:—

Nearly half the crime detected in London is committed by young persons under the age of twenty-one. Fifteen per cent. is committed by children under the age of fourteen.

Similar statistics can be quoted from Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham—indeed, from all the great cities and large towns.

We have terrible cases like that at Southend-on-Sea, where two twelve-year-old boys admitted no fewer than eighty-one charges of housebreaking and theft.

Or the one from Plymouth, where a child of eleven was the leader of a gang of young burglars.

Moreover, girls are taking to crime as readily as their brothers.

In South London recently a number of factories in one street were raided repeatedly.

Two boys were caught, and brought before the juvenile court. The case was adjourned. And the next day the younger of the two boys was again found breaking into a factory.

★

VARIOUS theories are put forward to account for the growing wave of child crime.

Some, like Mr. Justice Charles, believe that the "old-fashioned methods of correction" were a greater deterrent than "any amount of approved institutions."

Others say that the figures rise because the police are more vigilant, and that, owing to the establishment of juvenile courts, people are more ready to prosecute children than they used to be.

Also, that the ban on publishing the names of young offenders takes away any stigma of court appearance from the child or his parents. Neither child nor parents mind very much.

Then, of course, there is the old cry about lack of parental control.

JOHN BULL believes that birchings and beatings make more young criminals than they cure. As for the other arguments, they may have some bearing on the problem, but it is very slight.

The evil has deeper roots.

It goes back to the building boom of the past decade, and the creation of thousands of rehousing estates all over Britain.

Last to be thought of in these new settlements were the children. Little or nothing has been done to provide them with clubs or social centres. After school they are condemned to boredom—and they find an outlet in the mischief that is the first step to crime.

★

SO don't seek "problem children" in the slums. Seek them in the new housing estates and suburbs.

London is finding that out already. Juvenile courts in the "green belt," particularly in the north-western districts, are growing busier every day.

And it is the same in every city and town where there has been an outcrop of housing resettlement.

Father has to travel miles to his work, arrives home late and can't keep an eye on the children. Mother must walk long distances to the shops.

Schools are seldom near the dwelling centres. There are no playgrounds; no parks.

So the children are left to themselves.

Gravely perturbed—and rightfully so—the Home Office has appointed a committee of experts to examine the causes of juvenile crime, and point out remedies.

Quite frankly, we don't need that impressive committee. Their work will be a waste of time.

The Board of Education states that less than half our juveniles between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are catered for by any existing social organisation, either national or local.

Further, the Prison Commissioner declares: "It is rare for a lad or girl who has been a member of a juvenile organisation to be received into prison."

Surely in those two authoritative statements is the answer.

★

PROVIDE more community centres, more organised play facilities, and more juvenile clubs to give our children amusement and new interests.

And we must provide all these things immediately.

If the national conscience is awakened, little more will be heard of "the grave increase in juvenile delinquency."

What They are Saying . . .

MR. JUSTICE MACNAUGHTON: "Some young persons seem to think they are entitled to say, 'However numerous the crimes I may commit before I am caught, it is the law of England that I must be put on probation.' It is time to dispel any such idea."

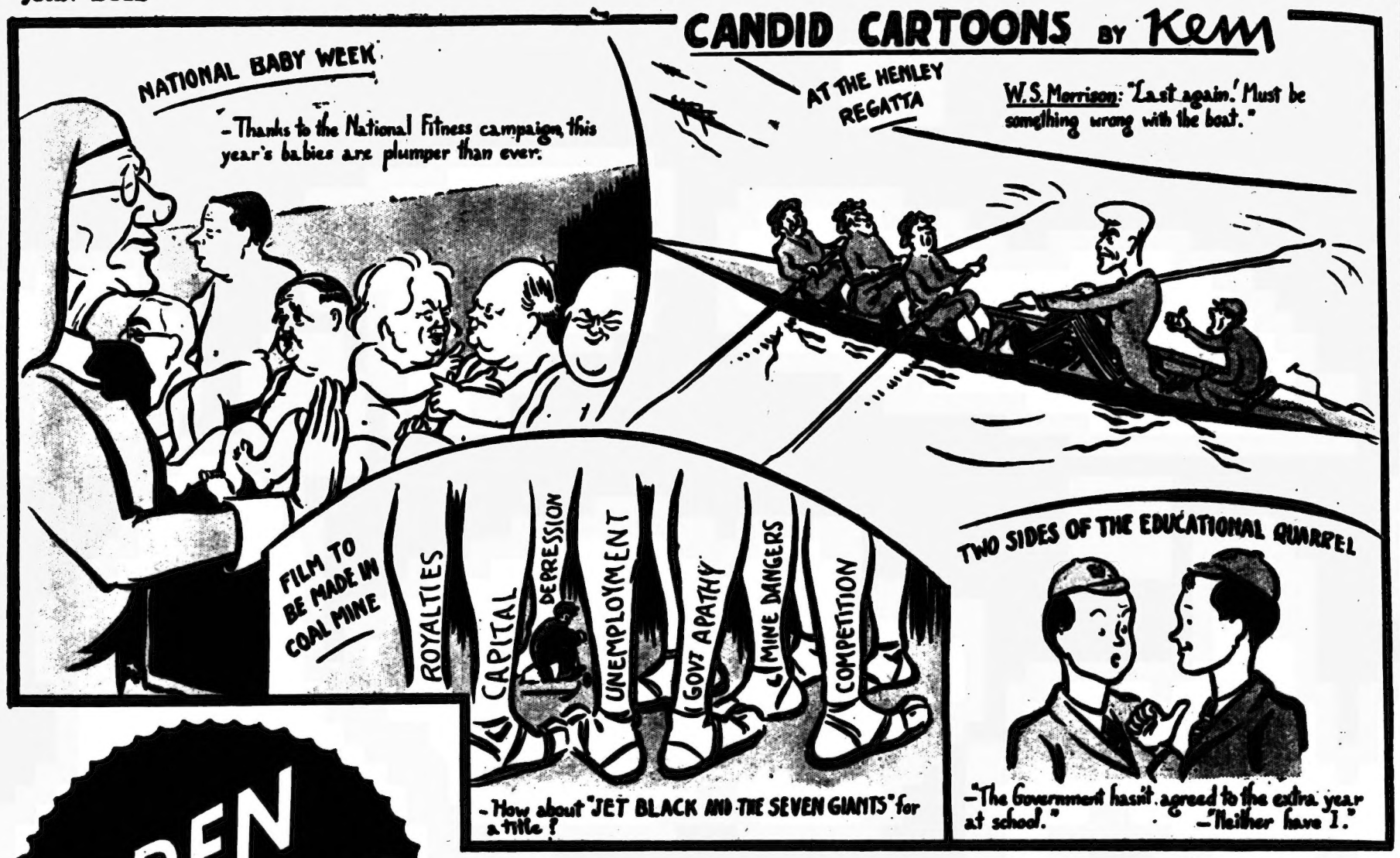
MR. HORACE MARSHALL, Leeds Stipendiary: "Juvenile crime is increasing by leaps and bounds. This appalling increase is coincident with the cessation of corporal punishment. We have a kind of official complacency at the Home Office, which seems to take the attitude that 'Children will be children' and leaves it at that."

MR. HERBERT G. POTTER, Middlesex J.P.: "A few years ago a young person caught stealing apples would be spanked and told to go. Spanking, however, has become obsolete.

"The small momentary lapse, instead of being a subject for slight and immediate chastisement, is turned into a crime and brought before a juvenile court to swell the list."

MR. J. WELLESLEY ORR, Manchester Stipendiary: "There are things I could tell you about the sophistication of children of the streets that would appal you, and yet magistrates talk to them as if they come from protected nurseries and think that by being sweet and kind they will respond."

CHIEF CONSTABLE W. B. MORREN, Edinburgh: "The drunken habits of parents appear now to contribute less to juvenile delinquency than formerly, but unemployment, with its effects on fathers, usually results in a general relaxation of discipline."


CANDID CARTOONS BY Kem
NATIONAL BABY WEEK
-Thanks to the National Fitness campaign, this year's babies are plumper than ever.
AT THE HENLEY REGATTA
W.S. Morrison: "Last again! Must be something wrong with the boat."
FILM TO BE MADE IN COAL MINE
ROYALTIES
CAPITAL
DEPRESSION
UNEMPLOYMENT
GOVT APATHY
MINE DANGERS
COMPETITION
-How about "JET BLACK AND THE SEVEN GIANTS" for a title?
TWO SIDES OF THE EDUCATIONAL QUARREL
-"The Government hasn't agreed to the extra year at school."
-"Neither have I."

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN,
10, Downing Street

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Letters in your name are sent out from No. 10 in reply to widows of disabled soldiers who write to you protesting that they cannot get pensions and are destitute.

They are not eligible for pensions, these letters state, "*under the order of His Majesty*"!

You mean, surely, under the terms of the Pensions Royal Warrant, enacted by Parliament.—JOHN BULL.

WM. AND FINDLAY WATERS,
Latheron, Caithness

CURS,—As father and son, you make a pretty brutal pair!

Together you beat an unbroken filly with sticks for an hour until she collapsed, roped two horses to her to drag her away, tied her to a wall, and then left the animal to die.

Forty days in jail for each of you is inadequate.—JOHN BULL.

Sheriff J. DEAN LESLIE,
Stirling

DEAR SIR,—While far from extolling the English inquest system and finding much to admire in Scottish procedure, I must rebuke you for ignorance in denouncing the former.

Coroners' courts, you broadcast, serve one purpose—to poison the public mind before a suspect is put on trial.

My campaign to stop coroners' enquiries when a person is in custody, or in peril of arrest, ended successfully with legislation three years ago.—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE,
Public Assistance Board Chairman

MY LORD,—In thousands of cases local committees directed by your Board are reducing unemployment allowances merely because the full relief scales would be above the normal earnings of the recipients.

So these workless people and their families suffer both ways. When in work, their wages are below the insufficient Unemployment Assistance Board standard; when out of work, the U.A.B. deliberately gives them less than its own low standard.

You are not only exploiting but encouraging the low wages scandal.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. E. MYDDLETON,
Boxing Control Chairman

DEAR SIR,—Why does your Board hesitate to call back the British heavy-weight title and order Tommy Farr, the holder, either to defend or forfeit it?

Your complacency under the snubs of Farr, who refuses to submit to your discipline, is incomprehensible.

And, if you do move, bear in mind that another than Eddie Phillips, stout fellow though he is, has a claim to contest the title.

I name Len Harvey, greatest of our boxers, whom you are allowing to languish.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Health

SIR,—Once and for all, please give a ruling on the real powers of local councils who are letting loose squads of snoopers on their housing estates.

Unwarrantable use is made of a tenancy agreement clause under which corporation officials have to be admitted to these houses.

Deplorable reports are frequently reaching me of housewives and housekeepers being "grilled" by council inspectors, who also examine bedrooms, pull back the bedclothes and inspect the linen.—JOHN BULL.

JUDGE TUDOR REES: Limit of assumed judicial ignorance must be your astonishment to learn that hundreds of thousands of homes still have to buy gas by the pennyworth.—JOHN BULL.

SIR GEORGE GIBBONS: Take back your statement that the only "essential" thing to the British working man is the cinema round the corner.—JOHN BULL.

HEADMASTER E. BOLTON: Asking education to be extended to teach children to eat, you forget that 1,150,000 kiddies in unemployed families have food below the British Medical Association minimum standard.—JOHN BULL.

MINES DEPARTMENT: Why is there not a miner or housewife on your committee to investigate rising coal prices?—JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Boston, Lincs.

SIR,—For the services of a stoker at your Spalding institution you offer a weekly wage of 11s. 6d., with the usual modest residential allowances.

Apparently you imagine that pauper relief scales are big enough to bid with in the labour market.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

SIR,—Suggestions are being made that a large number of employment exchanges have become useless in filling vacancies offered by employers. Those in charge of many of these places, it is unfairly said, just "forget" to announce jobs to workless applicants.

These allegations would not be possible if you would scrap the absurd system by which some hundred of exchange managers are still paid according to the number of persons registered as unemployed in their areas.

It is scarcely an inducement to them to fill vacancies when the more people for whom they secure work the less is their remuneration.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

SIR,—Reports are before me this week of wholesale prosecution of motorists for failing to stop at halt signs when emerging from side roads.

In every case a police officer stood by the sign. The drivers naturally supposed that the presence of the policemen nullified the signs, and went on when not signalled to stop.

All the officers were there, however, only to deceive and trap the motorists.

I know that you detest the *agent-provocateur* system. Your remonstrance is looked for.—JOHN BULL.

LIFEBOATMEN,
Gorleston-on-Sea

GENTLEMEN,—From the submerged deck of a sinking ship you rescued a crew of seven. But your boat, the *Elizabeth Simpson*, was so damaged that it is now unable to go to sea.

What a commentary it is on an essential service that you should have to go cap in hand to the public for money to repair the damage!

More so as my record shows that the *Elizabeth Simpson* is the oldest active service lifeboat and that, in her forty-eight years, she has saved 502 seamen.—JOHN BULL.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW "WHO'S WHO"

No. 2:

WHICH *is the* REAL ARCHBISHOP?

'The Most Reverend COSMO GORDON LANG

DID you, by any chance, hear the Primate's broadcast on the fourth centenary of the Open Bible?

It was, for the occasion, a perfect specimen of modern pulpit oratory.

Even Agnostics would have agreed with its admission, made by the head of Anglicanism, that the Bible had within its covers "primitive myths and legends of heroes in which history began; odes of war and lyrics of love; the oratory of preachers and statesmen; the visions of prophets; the musings of wise men; the wrestlings of the human spirit with the mysteries of life; the story, told with matchless simplicity, of the greatest of all human lives."

It offended nobody, this tribute to the greatest of all books. It revealed, indeed, Cosmo Lang at his best—orator and man with a breadth of mind.

And it was all spoken in tones of sonorous beauty that held the attention and flattered the ear.

Yet I wondered while I listened whether, after all, this was the Archbishop that the Church needs at a time when even the Primate, with doubts in his mind, went on to ask his millions of listeners whether the Bible which had "moulded English speech and character, given it balance and stability and strength and reverence," was to keep or lose that place in the future.

For, after all, Cosmo Gordon Lang, 97th Archbishop of Canterbury, has two contrasted strains in his character.

AT one moment he seems a great Christian leader, endowed with a saintly presence and a magnificent voice, with an eloquence maintaining the highest tradition of Christian thought, and with a moral stature that seems to place him among the greatest of his predecessors.

Then, in a flash, he changes, and we see a mere ecclesiastic, a diplomat, a wise politician and a courtier.

During the Abdication crisis, he showed both sides of his character—his strength and his weakness. Standing side by side with Baldwin, he, more than any other single man, rendered him loyal support.

What he did still seems necessary. Had the abdication not occurred then, it would have come over a more important matter.

All Britain, in that hour, admired the Archbishop.

But, once King Edward had become the Duke of Windsor, Baldwin was silent.

Not so the Archbishop. He followed the Duke into his exile with a broadcast "sermon" of stinging rebuke.

In this he allowed himself to compare the Duke of Windsor's exile to that of King James II, and rebuked him for seeking "private happiness." Maybe it was all quite true.

Still, the nation felt that the Archbishop was kicking a man when he was down. Responsible and respectable citizens, who had been loud in praise of the Primate a few days before, wrote to the newspapers in disgust.

THEY were not Windsor partisans. They all wished the new King well. But they thought the Archbishop's discourse a grave mistake. The more courageous newspapers printed their letters.

All this was, from the Establishment's point of view, a great blunder.

Church attendances were declining. That year there were 17 fewer incumbents, while qualified electors had been reduced by 38,596 and Easter communicants by 59,086. In the Sunday schools the number of teachers and instructors in the Catechism had fallen by 5,893 and the children attending by 82,688.

This was true, mind you, of all the churches and chapels. Of the 7,500,000 people in Greater London, less than 400,000 have any place of worship.

This, mind you, includes all churchgoers, from the Roman Catholics at one end to the Quakers at the other. Nearly 95 per cent. of Londoners ignore religion altogether.

FOR Anglicanism, this was a more serious problem than for any other branch of Christianity. It had millions and millions of pounds invested. It was clinging on to its old-time prestige. It enjoyed the Privilege, and was fearful of losing it.

So, in the solemn hours of the new reign, the Primate, on the air, issued his famous "Recall to Religion." Yet, in spite of the great publicity given to this, it failed.

Little more was heard of it, except that this May, eighteen months after the Archbishop's broadcast, the "Guardian," an Anglican weekly, announced that the results were "already sufficient to justify the Recall, and to confound those critics who prophesied that it would be a failure."

This was tucked away in ten lines of small type, without a heading, on an inside page. The triumph got ten lines, hidden away!

Now can you wonder? When he was Archbishop of York, Cosmo Gordon Lang said, "Religion attracts, but the Church repels."

What has he himself done in the last few months to make it more attractive? He has merely shown the strange dualism that has marked many attitudes during his career.

While he was outspoken and fearless against the rape of Abyssinia, he soon angered all the friends of the tragic Haile Selassie by suggesting that he ought to make his peace with Mussolini, and then be allowed to go back and rule over a little bit of Abyssinia as a Fascist puppet!

Yes—and he said it in the House of Lords!

In one mood, he has spoken out roundly and finely against Hitler's persecution of the Jews and all others who oppose his *régime*. He has accused, too, international Fascism as the root cause of rearmament and the hysteria of the nations.

Yet, in another, he approved of Hitler's invasion of Austria! Union of Germany and Austria was "inevitable," he declared to his assembled peers, spiritual and temporal. If the division had continued much longer, it might have been a "continuing sore," spreading infection to other nations.

HE did magnificent work in an East End parish as a young man.

He knows poverty. He understands those who, because of the present system, have to live under it.

Yet, this year, he has been protesting in the House of Lords because some of the Churches' coalmining royalties are to be cut down by an Act of Parliament which will, eventually, benefit the miners' wages!

See him at Oxford, where he still loves to spend a few days, and you see a great gentleman, most charming, most kindly, only too anxious to help on any promising young man.

See him rise in his lawn sleeves from the scarlet benches of the House of Lords, and only too often you see a tight-lipped old ecclesiastic fighting shrewdly to defend Privilege, to keep things as they are.

On theological matters he has walked the tight-rope as skilfully as old Lord Davidson did. He has avoided any acute doctrinal row during his primacy. He has been all things to all men, as Low or as High as you like.

But the Church-weary masses want more than that, to-day. They want a lead. They look for a spiritual revival. They look to St. Augustine's cathedral city in vain. . . .

Jesus of Nazareth did not wear lawn sleeves. . . .

IN times like ours, doctrinal differences and squabbles about incense and "Reservation" are dying away, except among parsons themselves.

Perhaps it is because, although the Church's central position is being threatened from all sides, most people remain utterly indifferent.

In the dispatch of the arduous business of his office, the Archbishop has been prompt, most courteous, and very just. He has given a good account of his temporal stewardship.

He tends rather to run the Church of England as a Church organised "by gentlemen for gentlemen." Then, on the whole, that is the sort of Church it is.

Even in his slum days he was a parson bringing the Church to the poor. He was not a shepherd of poor souls running a poor man's church.

Not so long ago the Primate said, "In these days I am conscious of great responsibility and little power, and I sigh for the days when the Archbishop had great powers and little responsibility."

That seemed to me a significant utterance.

JOHN BULL, pledged to fight official muddling and injustice, begins on this page a new feature.

Every week we are going to tell the stories of the man and woman who have suffered most in the mesh of red-tape which is strangling the land.

We believe that, by focusing the spot-light of publicity on such individual cases, we can best lay bare the needless tragedy and heart-break that strews the path of the official juggernaut.

LITTLE OLD LADY...

A LARGE block of flats overshadows the home of seventy - nine-year - old Mrs. Georgina Price in Western Street, Brighton.

It is a magnificent building and some see it as typical of the new Britain that is growing up.

But to Mrs. Price the shadow it casts is a shadow of despair. She sees it as a monster that has driven her out of the home she has fought to keep going for twenty-five years.

If she resists, she may go to prison. If she submits, she *must* go to the workhouse.

WHY? Because Brighton Corporation, proud of that magnificent block of flats—and perhaps ashamed by the contrast—wants to take possession of her six-roomed house, and pull it down.

The owners of the house—a brewery firm—are, however, fighting this. But they are not fighting on Mrs. Price's side. They want her out, too.

They have their own plans for using such a valuable site. They are not interested in the fact that Mrs. Price has paid them and previous landlords enough rent to buy her home twice over.

Not an easy thing to do for a little old lady in a world of go-getters and competition.

Until just over a year ago she kept lodgers, but age has forced her to give that up.

Since then she has had to live on the old-age pension of 10s. a week, and, as her rent is 13s. 6d., she is in arrears.

Again and again, Mrs. Price has pleaded with the authorities to give her public assistance—just enough to enable her to live without worry. They have refused and told her there is plenty of room in the workhouse.

When the brewery firm began to press for her removal, she asked the corporation for alternative accommodation. It was offered—in the workhouse.

Yet Mrs. Price declares that, far from owing any rent, she is entitled to the return of £380 which, she says, has been wrongly paid in rates.

A FEW days ago the brewery firm went to the county court and sought an immediate possession order.

When Mrs. Price hobbled into the witness-box with a stick the judge asked her if she would abandon her claim for repayment of rates and consent to leave the house if the owners withdrew their claim for rent arrears.

"No," said Mrs. Price. "If I do I shall have nowhere to go except the workhouse."

Her case and courage won the judge's sympathy. He refused to make her pay a penny of the arrears. But—and to Mrs. Price it was a very big "But"—he was forced to grant an order for possession.

So the little old lady of Brighton must leave her home.

Nobody wants to look after her. Though she has spent her life looking after other people.

She was the first maternity nurse and midwife ever appointed to work among the poor of London.

In more than forty years of public service she brought 5,200 babies into the world—and never lost the life of a mother or child.

And that long before the days of ante-natal clinics, maternity and welfare services.

For a generation she went out from Middlesex Hospital day and night to work in needy homes.

HER greatest treasures are letters from Queen Victoria's own physicians commending her, on the instructions of the Queen, for her devotion and selfless service.

But all that is long forgotten.

Men's hearts have grown hard, hard as the concrete of that block of flats that overshadows Mrs. Price's home, and that is crushing her heart.

"I can't cry," the little old lady told JOHN BULL. "It's hard for an old woman like me to shed tears. But I'm weeping inside . . . in my soul."

"I won't go to the workhouse. I would sooner lie down in the gutter and die. Life means little to me now."

It is a social crime for this aged woman to be thrown from her home.

JOHN BULL is confident that the good people of Brighton will not tolerate such inhumanity now we have told them the facts.

Secret Patent No. 51

DURING Army manœuvres on Salisbury Plain recently, whole units were lost in a mist.

"A good job it was only mock warfare," said the soldiers. "If it had been the real thing we might have walked right into the enemy's arms."

It was suggested afterwards that direction-finders should be prepared for Army work.

Those who made this proposal were unaware that the Army Council acquired some time ago a marvellous, thoroughly tested device which will enable whole bodies of men to find their way across miles of strange country even in a pea-soup fog.

They acquired it twenty-three years ago, to be precise.

And since then they have done absolutely nothing about it—until last week, when they told the inventor that he could sell it to a foreign Power if he wished!

THIS is no Heath Robinson contraption of little practical use, remember. It has passed stringent tests successfully.

Its inventor is Mr. R. H. Anderson, a designer-engineer, of Oakfield Road, Bristol.

The story of what has befallen this brilliant mathematician, whose other inventions have been honoured by Royal and learned societies, needs to be told now that the Defence Departments are again appealing to inventors for new contributions to the science of war.

Its beginnings were in the first weeks of the Great War, when Mr. Anderson was a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade.

He was surprised to observe that, in attack and movement across country in the dark, the troops were dependent on map and compass. Often they failed to reach objectives and lives were lost unnecessarily.

He produced what is called a traversing machine—a portable, automatic device which showed at a glance on a slip of paper, in darkness, or fog, and on any kind of ground, the position of infantry in relation to their objective.

IT would be impossible for troops using it to become lost, or to fail to correct errors of direction in their movements.

Trials with the original model brought troops within eight yards of their objective after crossing two miles of country in darkness.

So impressed were the authorities that Mr. Anderson was required to assign the rights of it to the Secretary of State for War.

It was registered by the War Department as Secret Patent No. 51.

He was also put under bond not to divulge the invention, and to communicate to the Government at once any improvements on it which he might conceive.

Neither the apparatus nor anything resembling it was ever used.

It was never even officially tested!

The war ended. Years passed. Mr. Anderson heard not a single word.

Then Lord Tomlin, chairman of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors, became very inquisitive about the fate of Secret Patent No. 51.

When the War Office was questioned it tried to discredit the device. That did not satisfy Lord Tomlin.

He demanded to know why the experimental records and the apparatus had not been returned to Mr. Anderson, who had borne the whole of the initial cost.

Then it was admitted that everything had been destroyed!

The War Office added that Mr. Anderson was now free to dispose of the invention anywhere—to sell it to a foreign Power if he liked.

This year, the Director-General of Ordnance Survey became interested in Mr. Anderson's work and asked him to replace the invention which the War Office had destroyed.

It has been tested by the officers of the Ordnance Survey for the past four months.

So the Director-General communicated with the War Secretary and informed him that grave misstatements had been made about it.

The instrument, he adds, has virtues which must have been "overlooked" — particularly its directional accuracy and its speed in operation.

ON the strength of this report and in view of the changing military tactics, Mr. Anderson has asked the War Office to give a trial at last to the simple, secret piece of apparatus which it acquired, but forgot about, in the first months of the war and later destroyed.

Last week the Army Council refused to adopt it.

Oh, well. . . .

A. G. Gardiner

discusses the great problem of

They're happy at the seaside—and that happiness should be their birthright

YOUR FORTNIGHT IN AUGUST

IT is to be hoped that Parliament will "keep the pot boiling" on the question of holidays with pay.

The Bill which Mr. Ernest Brown foreshadowed on June 2 has yet to be produced, but its passage into law during the present session must not be imperilled by slackness either in the House or the country.

This is the moment to bring every possible ounce of pressure to bear on the Government to give effect to the recommendations of the Amulree Report.

That report represented the barest minimum of what is necessary to make this movement one of the chief objectives of our social policy, the ultimate purpose of which is to assure to everyone who labours the title to an annual period of holiday with pay.

The Bill which the Minister of Labour will bring before Parliament falls far short of that goal. It will be limited in scope and permissive in character.

But it will be on the right lines, and when carried into effect will give an impulse to the cause that nothing can obstruct.

It will do two things. It will empower trade boards and agricultural wages committees to provide for holidays with pay, and it will enable the machinery of the Ministry of Labour to be used in the administration of holiday schemes.

★ Between them, the trade boards and the agricultural committees cover the bulk of the workers outside the protection of the trade unions—in fact, it covers all the great categories of unorganised workers except domestic servants and intermittent workers.

The defect of the scheme at present is the lack of the element of compulsion. It was the essence of the Amulree Report that if holidays with pay throughout industry are not universal before the year 1940 the Government should make them compulsory.

Mr. Brown has given only a vague assurance on that point, and it is for this reason that I hope that Parliament will "keep the pot boiling" and insist on the application of the whip where the voluntary principle fails to work.

Now that public opinion is really aroused on this great matter, the time is ripe to make a clean cut with the scandal of the payless holiday.

That scandal has been tolerated too long, and it is only fair to say that decent employers everywhere have in increasing volume revolted against it without the threat of compulsion.

Great industries like those of Lord Nuffield, J. and P. Coats, Ford's at Dagenham, etc., have come into line, and it is estimated that 5,000,000 workers now enjoy holidays with pay.

But there are still 13,000,000 who do not enjoy that elementary right, and no legislation which fails in removing this blot from our social life, and removing it speedily, can be regarded as satisfactory.

This is not a mere question of social justice. It is a question of good economy as well.

★ **Those 13,000,000 of payless holidaymakers are precisely the people least able out of their weekly wage to set aside funds for the enjoyment of their leisure.**

If they save anything at all it is spent in keeping the household going during the payless period, and in too many cases the holiday is merely an affair of loafing in the backyard or the street.

This is not only a deadening experience for the individual. It is an economic loss to the community.

A very simple calculation will show that holidays with pay for those 13,000,000 workers would mean such a flood of expenditure on everything that goes to make a holiday a reality and not a grim satire—change of scene, railway fares, lodgings, buckets and spades for the youngsters, a beach frock for the wife, and so on—as would stimulate trade by tens of millions.

And all this leaves out of account the stimulating effect of a holiday so enjoyed on the spirit and energies of the worker.

In view of this, I do not think that the Amulree Committee were too hasty in fixing 1940 as the date when holidays with pay should be a universal statutory obligation on industry, by consent if possible, by compulsion if necessary.

But it is not enough to bring the 13,000,000 on to the holiday payroll. The impact of this vast host upon the holiday mechanism of the country raises a problem of serious magnitude

In this respect the preparations foreshadowed by the Minister for Labour are entirely satisfactory.

In dealing with this subject in a previous article, I referred to the confusion and congestion into which our holiday arrangements have fallen. With the full operation of holidays with pay, that chaos will be enormously intensified.

The main cause of it is that circumstances have led the industrial and working population of the country to cram its holidays into the six weeks or so round about August

In that month alone 40,000 extra trains are run, not to speak of the untold thousands of motor buses that hurtle along every trunk road to the coast.

★ We crowd into overcrowded trains that carry us to overcrowded resorts, where we are suffocated indoors and out and have to bear the affliction of bad accommodation, bad service, bad beds, and high prices.

The remedy for this August congestion is obvious and simple. It is the spread-over of the holiday season from the six weeks about August to the summer months from June to September.

If that can be brought about, everyone will benefit—the visitors, the railway staffs, the lodging-house keepers, the entertainers, everybody engaged in the holiday festival, whether as guests or hosts.

And it can be brought about by a simple rearrangement.

Alter the school calendar and the spread-over of the holiday season is accomplished, as it were, by a stroke of the pen.

★ **But that stroke must be made by the Government, and it is good news that an Inter-departmental Committee has been set up to deal with the co-ordination of holiday arrangements necessary to achieve the spread-over of the holiday season from June to September.**

Nor is this all. The holiday problem has assumed such dimensions that a policy safeguarding the public interest in the matter is urgently needed.

For this purpose a department of the Ministry of Labour has been set up whose task will be to help the holiday interest to organise itself on the one hand and to protect the holidaymaker from exploitation on the other.

All this is to the good, and with the production of the Government Bill next month we may expect that the full achievement of the cause which this journal has advocated so persistently for years past is at last in sight.

Not from the B.B.C.

WE are learning quite a bit
On the art of keeping fit,
When we're not attending
A.R.P. instruction;
But it's sorrowful to think
There are Britons still who drink
From saucers, or absorb their
soup by suction!

It is time that everyone
Learned the Things That Are Not
Done
In the public schools, the Army
and the Navy;
Let us, then, without delay,
Strive to bring about the day
When no gent. will use his knife
to eat his gravy!

★ When most of us are too busy earning our share of the income tax, or too occupied with the etiquette of gasmask drill to have much time for Chesterfieldian niceties, it is inspiring to read of Mrs. E. McGrigor Phillips offering £25,000 to Leeds University to found a Chair of Good Manners.

Whether or not Leeds will rush in where Oxford or Cambridge, with recollections of boat-race rags, might fear to tread, I, at any rate, am ready to accord Mrs. Phillips well-bred approval.

Missing Manners

As an upholder of old-world standards, I am fed to the front teeth with other people's manners.

Nowadays, if one even tries to read the cricket news by breathing down the neck of a neighbour on the Underground, as likely as not the ill-mannered hog will fold his paper so that only the stock exchange prices are visible!

★ Consider, too, the number of persons there are who do not hesitate to stand in front of one at a football match, neglect to remove their boots before treading on one's corns, and refuse to accept an apology if one inadvertently drinks their beer.

Nor is such ill-breeding confined to men. It is, for example, deplorable to observe the selfish behaviour of women when offered seats on trams or buses.

Surely if a man is gentleman enough to offer his seat to a woman, she should be lady enough not to take it.

If the endowment of a Chair or other article of furniture at Leeds or any other university reforms behaviour of this kind, Mrs. Phillips will deserve our gratitude.

After all, politeness pays; for there are few things that cannot be done—from making a date with another man's blonde to dropping honourable Japanese bombs on hon. neutrals—if only one goes about doing them with a due regard for politeness.

Even when you fume and fret
You can do it most politely;
But the rules of etiquette
Never should be treated lightly.
If some cove your patience tries
And you're moved to black his
eyes,
Don't fail to apologise
Most politely!

Y. Z.

A Very Dangerous Widow

POLICE throughout the country are searching for a woman known to Scotland Yard as the most "bereaved wife in the world."

Her mythical husband is constantly being killed. Each tragedy is quickly turned into money by the sorrowful swindler, who poses as the widow of this singularly unfortunate man.

Silver is believed to be her real name, but among a score of aliases she uses are West, Draycott, Montague, Darling, Haslam, Jackson and Cox.

A few days ago she was traced—and lost again—in the West Country. There she was still weeping, most effectively, over her "husband's" sudden death, and one more sympathiser was induced to part with £10 to enable the distressed "widow" to rush back to London.

Just a few of the ways death has befallen the "husband" are a railway accident, motor-car collision, a fire, speedway crash and street accident.

She always manages to be somewhere in the provinces when the news arrives.

At a small hotel in Bradford recently everyone was charmed with a newcomer—a pale, refined-looking woman of about fifty.

* * *

She confided to some of them that she was looking for a house in the neighbourhood to settle down.

One morning the woman everyone liked so much appeared at breakfast in tears.

Later, she told the proprietor of the hotel that her husband, who was about to retire—"We were coming to live here, you see"—had been killed in a street accident in London.

She must return at once. Unfortunately, she had very little money on her.

As her husband had intended coming to Bradford the following day, she had not bothered to obtain further funds from her bank in London. Could the proprietor change a cheque for her?

* * *

The proprietor, a woman, was so deeply touched that she gave "Mrs. Montague" £10, and said she could settle when she returned, as she said she intended to do to resume her search for a house in Bradford.

No one in that hotel has heard anything more of Mrs. Montague.

Even hard-headed solicitors have been taken in by this demure thief.

So convincing have been her stories about the death of her husband—and occasionally her daughter—in some accident, that they have advanced her money pending the settlement of the claims.

None of the people she swindled guessed, for one moment, that she has been five times in jail for false pretences, fraud and bigamy.

He Died On Duty

BECAUSE the State still refuses to make reasonable provision for the widow of P.-c. J. T. Potter, of Whimple, Devon, who was murdered while attempting to arrest a burglar, the hat has been passed round to magistrates and policemen throughout the county.

Only £67 has been subscribed, and there are promises of a further £50!

This is not the way to right the injustice by which Mrs. Potter received a pension of only £30 a year.

* * *

You will remember that, when JOHN BULL exposed the whole disgraceful circumstances of this woman's plight a short time ago, it was explained that her husband had only a little more than a year to serve for his retiring pension of £3 4s. a week.

Losing his life while doing his job simply meant that his widow was to be deprived of the assured income for which he had worked hard for so many years.

That did not matter. A miserable pittance of £30 a year was all the regulations allowed, and the Home Office was bound by regulations.

It means that Mrs. Potter has to exist on about 11s. 6d. a week, and those who have organised this fund to buy a house for her are doing the best they can in the circumstances.

* * *

But what a disgrace to the State that it was necessary to resort to a fund of this kind.

Decent provision for the dependants of police officers killed while doing their jobs is the bare duty of the country.

"Cure-all" Quack

"THE healer with 20,000 cases and never one inquest"—Alfred Henry Brown, and sometimes Professor Henry—is peddling his worthless cure-all mixtures in the North.

Some time ago he was claiming that 200,000 men and women had benefited by his "wonderful magnetic treatment."

* * *

But one thing has not changed—he still keeps his name off his preposterous leaflets advertising bottles of oil, capsules, herbal concoctions and ointment for every malady under the sun.

His boast of the gift of healing by laying-on of hands is now in small type. Mixtures from 2s. 6d. to 10s. are evidently more profitable. He takes as much as £50 in a few hours in the market squares of Huddersfield, Wakefield and other towns.

* * *

Most impudent of his claims is that he is a Harley Street specialist. He is just a cheap quack who has been to jail. Once, too, he sold candy rock on Blackpool beach.

Now he advertises that his useless remedies can be obtained from 51, Preston New Road, Blackpool.

If you value your health, don't send for them.

Sir Wyndham Childs'

Stone polishers—like these men—and miners are most liable to the dread disease of silicosis

Helpless Victims of Deadly Scourge

WHEN John Jones, miner, of David Street, Blaengarw, Glamorgan, died just over three years after leaving the pit, X-ray and post-mortem examination proved that he had suffered from silicosis.

Now his widow and two young children have been robbed of compensation in circumstances which demand immediate enquiry.

Claims against the colliery company must be made within three years of stopping work. That is a part of the law which, as I have frequently shown, is capable of hardships even more cruel than the disease itself.

John Jones was sixty-four when he was forced to give up work in January, 1935. Bronchitis and rheumatism, said the doctor. Later he advised that a specialist should be consulted. Sanction of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Jones' approved society under National Health Insurance, was needed, as they would be responsible for payment.

Cyril Jones, a grown-up son, tells me that after delay, in circumstances which will be one of the most important points in the investigation, he wrote to headquarters of the Order.

He was told that, as his father was sixty-five, he was not entitled to benefit or the examination requested.

In the end the family arranged for the examination at their own expense. Their suspicions were right, there was silicosis.

* * *

A few weeks later, March 5 this year, Jones died, and the inquest verdict provided further proof.

The Welsh Miners' Federation is determined to make the case a test of the liability of an approved society in such circumstances.

I hope they succeed, and also make Parliament realise that the compensation law for this terrible affliction must be overhauled.

THREE DUBIOUS DUNS

Under the above heading in our issue of April 30, 1938, we published an article concerning Mr. George Keeling Smith and the Credit Protection Bureau.

In this article we referred to Mr. George Keeling Smith as a "notorious rascal," and we advised readers to have no dealings with the Credit Protection Bureau.

We are satisfied that there is no foundation for referring to Mr. George Keeling Smith as a notorious rascal, and while we do not approve of the form of demand used by the Bureau, we have no reason to doubt its honesty.

We wish to withdraw the allegations and express our sincere apology

This Firm Can't Be Shocked

COUNTY Court judges are evidently becoming familiar with the activities of H. J. Herbert and A. E. Cole, who sell advertising cabinets through Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., and Rentit, Ltd.

They have been described by Lord Justice MacKinnon as being without the most elementary sense of honesty and justice.

* * *

An interesting dialogue, I notice, took place at Preston between Judge Peel and the solicitor appearing for these two men.

He asked that the case should be adjourned, as he had to return to London.

Judge Peel: Why should this court be held up because solicitors from London have been instructed in cases of £2 2s. 6d.?

Solicitor: I have tried to get on as quickly as possible.

Judge Peel: Why should not solicitors from this part of the country be instructed to conduct these cases?

Solicitor: Well, there are allegations of fraud.

Judge Peel: Not unusual to your clients. Not a shock to them. They don't come with quite the same novelty and shock as they do to other people.

Special Dossier

CHARMING MR. SCOTT

JULIAN KINGSLEY SCOTT, dapper and carefully dressed, has brought off some astonishing bluffs with little more than his charming personality.

People who have backed his latest venture, a grandiose scheme for a London luxury hotel, believed him to be a wealthy man. The last thing they imagined was that he had only recently come out of jail!

No wonder the manager of a famous club in the West End of London was flattered when the elegant Mr. Scott approached him a few months ago and offered him the managership of his new hotel.

His company, Scott said, was reconstructing an old and well-known hotel near Piccadilly.

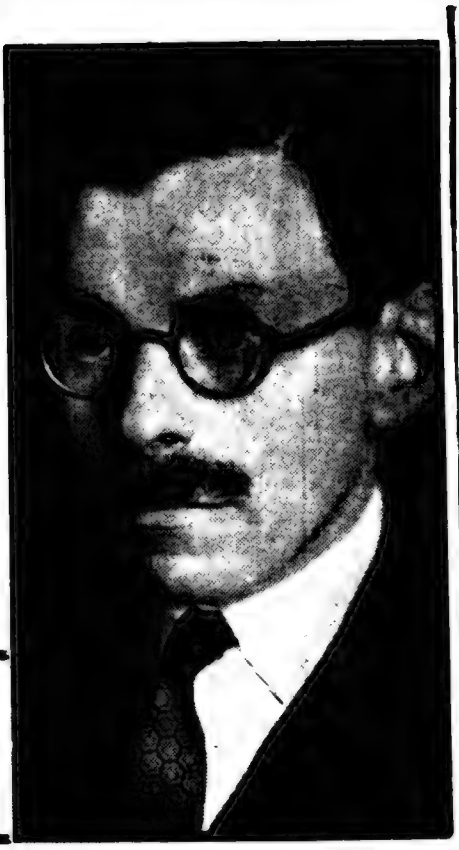
The salary offered was £100 a month and commission. He moved in. Everything seemed to be going ahead all right. Reconstruction had started.

Then the first shock. The manager's first month's salary cheque, drawn on the company, came back from the bank dishonoured.

He demanded an explanation and, as he could obtain no satisfaction, he place l the matter in the hands of his solicitors.

Mr. Scott was effusive in his apologies to the solicitors. Some mistake, of course. He gave them his personal cheque. That, too, was returned by the bank!

The club manager and others who fell under the spell of charming Mr. Scott are sadder men to-day.



Julian Kingsley Scott
dapper and persuasive, once lived in great style in the Channel Islands

The Other Side of the Picture

It will not be much consolation to them, but I will let them see another side of the enterprising hotel promoter.

For years, living at good addresses, he has been behind companies which have brought disillusionment and financial loss to those who invested in them.

He was bankrupt in 1929, and his application for discharge, made four years later, was granted with a suspension of two and a half years.

Creditors received 2¾d. in the pound.

Some time ago he ran a concern called Scott Brothers and Co., from offices in Pall Mall, London. It was an investment and statistical service. Handsome profits were promised. Actually, there were only losses.

At that time Scott lived in great style in the Channel Islands, and frequently flew there from London. He was known locally as a Mayfair financier and retired captain of the Grenadier Guards.

He talked persuasively to a man named Fletcher about his plans for taking offices over a bank premises as headquarters of the "Industrial Corporation."

Fletcher gave him a cheque for £500 and was promised shares. They did not materialise and he went to the police.

Scott was arrested at a Bond Street office and was charged at Jersey with fraudulent conversion. Sums amounting to £7,800 were mentioned during the proceedings. He was sent to prison for two years.

Just one other little thing. His real name is Charles Kinsler Skotnicki, and he is a native of Shoreditch, London, E.

TOO WORLDLY WISDOM

"LET us try and refrain from doing any injustice by thought, word or deed" is one of the declared objects of the Wisdom Club, of which John Noel Pakeman is president.

An excellent maxim, but Pakeman himself seems to have had difficulty in living up to it.

* * *

Recently, when £10,000 damages were awarded against him for libelling Lloyd's Bank, Mr. Justice Macnaghten described his conduct as disgraceful.

This verdict indicates that great injustice was done not only by thought, but by word.

His uplift club, members of which are asked to pay 2s. 6d. for a "social passport," is only one of this man's interests.

From the same address in Baker Street he offers himself as a "private consulting detective." Visions of Sherlock Holmes!

* * *

Mr. Pakeman, the detective, receives visitors only by appointment. Probably because he is so busy directing the Wisdom Club to "wisdom, happiness and prosperity."

Perhaps one of the kinder members will take the president aside and talk to him about—just simple wisdom.

You Have Been Warned!

MEN describing themselves as inspectors of the National League of Courteous Drivers are calling on owners of apartment houses and small hotels asking them to cater for members.

Next they hear from Messrs. Dennis, Cartwright and Partners, Ltd., of Noble Street, London, E.C., "confirming the fact" that £5 will be charged for what amounts to an advertisement in a handbook to be published at the end of the year.

Those approached would do well to ask what is the membership of the league, and also who controls it.

* * *

The Tales of Mr. Hoffman

PARAMOUNT PICTURE PUBLISHING CO., Marsh Street, Bristol, shows great energy in obtaining orders, with payment in advance, for supplies of picture postcards.

Customers in the West Country, Midlands and even as far afield as Scotland, wish the same energy was shown in completing the transaction. After long delay a few cards are received. and then just a string of excuses.

JOHN BULL criticised F. Hoffman, the proprietor, for the same queer business methods six years ago. He would have to think of some new tales if everyone asked to buy his cards insisted that the order should be on a cash on delivery basis.

Better still, deal with a firm on which you can depend.

* * *

Homework Pays —The Brown Trio

HOMEWORK ramps still flourish astonishingly.

Melton Manufacturing Co., Leicester, one of the most impudent firms in this racket, is now controlled by S. A. Brown.

Last year, when JOHN BULL exposed them, the presiding genius was H. H. Brown.

Still another Brown, Christian names John William went to jail with Albert Richard Wheare for twelve months in 1932 on fraud charges in connection with the Astor Trading Company, another homework swindle. S.A. and J. W. Brown are brothers.

Those who are foolish enough to reply to the advertisements of the Melton Manufacturing Co. are asked to send £1 as "a covering charge" and the firm undertakes to buy £25 worth of goods made at home.

But the homeworkers must buy all the equipment and materials themselves. All the risk and doubtful profits, to say the least.

* * *

Where, Oh Where is Mr. Thomson?

J. THOMSON, share twister of many names, calls himself "a financial sign-post.' Latest dupes would like a sign-post to his present address.

Letters to J. Thomson (London), Ltd., New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., have been returned marked "gone away."

He persuaded people to send him money to invest and promised big profits in ninety days. Settlement was evaded by pleading a temporary crisis in the markets.

Once a racing tipster, he has been associated with notorious bucket-shops.

The "Vanishing" Investor

SMALL business owners are being urged to form private limited liability companies. In most cases it is merely a disguise for fee-snatching.

Experience of a tailor in Wardour Street, London, W., is typical.

He was attracted by an advertisement stating that a young man wished to invest £500 in a sound business.

McNaughton, Tyte and Co., described as accountants and auditors, of 19, Basinghall Street, replied. Their client had been consulted, and would he call on them and bring with him full details of his business.

"From the moment I was in the office," this tailor tells me, "there was more talk about turning my business into a private company than the young man who wanted to invest £500."

It would cost him only £20 or so, he was assured, and he could quickly get that back out of the £2,000 which would be raised for the new company.

The young man with £500 faded farther into the background at subsequent interviews and then he disappeared completely.

McNaughton, Tyte and Co. very much regretted, of course, that their client found he could not entertain the proposals made to him for investing in this particular business.

One more desperate effort was made to persuade the tailor to agree to the limited liability company scheme. At that stage, fortunately for him, he wrote to me for advice.

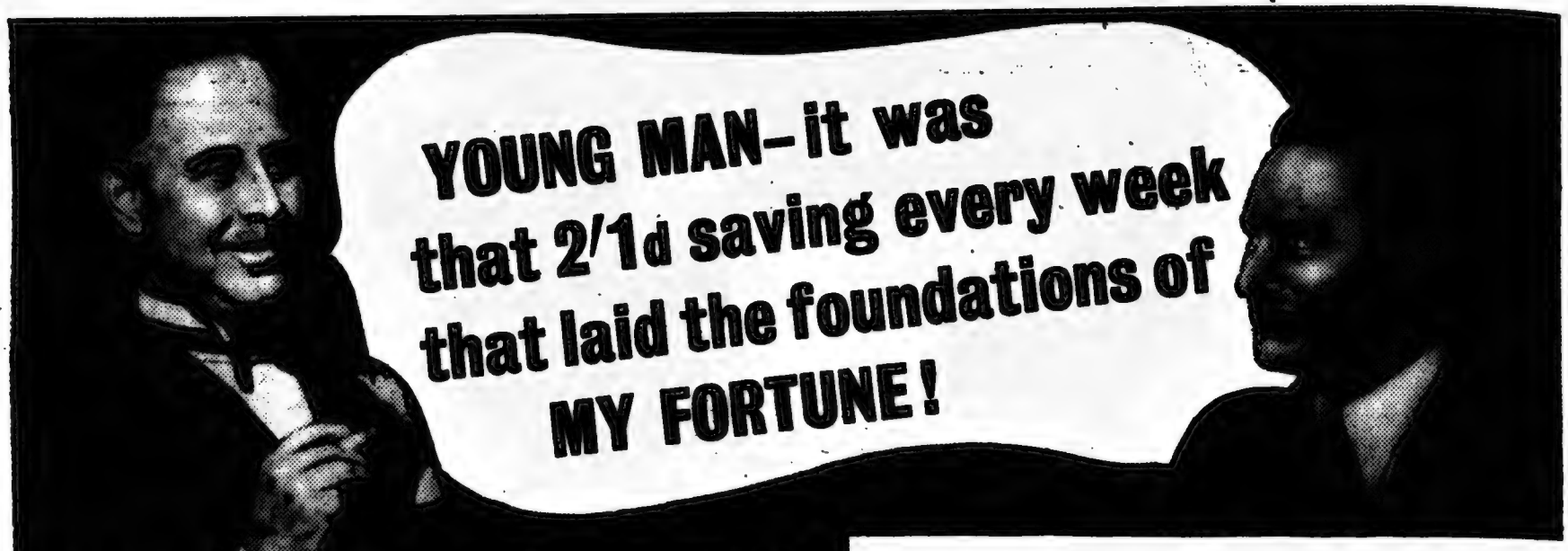
I find that McNaughton, Tyte and Co. really means C. O'Neill Chatt and David H. Cain, both sent to jail in 1936 for defrauding investors in Orchard Food Products, Ltd.

They have never belonged to any recognised body of accountants or auditors.

Be on your guard against this limited liability bait. No matter from what source it is dangled before you, write to me before you do anything.

Public Benefactor

Mrs. M. Perks, 52, Lyme Green Road, South Yardley, Birmingham, earns £1 1s. this week for the most useful information supplied to me. The news she sent will assist in curtailing the activities of a rogue I have exposed.



HOW MEN MAKE GOOD—

Every man with ambition should read this wonderful story . . .

'I WAS AMBITIOUS — but a whiner. I used to sell my newspapers, angrily envious of the toffs in cars, and sulk because I hadn't any capital to start up on.'

'THEN ONE DAY a poster put an idea into my head. I was a medium heavy smoker — did my thirty a day — and I saw I could save 2/1 a week without cutting down my smokes.'

'THAT WAS THE START — once I found I'd saved three or four pounds my faith returned — I stopped whining — saved more — earned more — and finally I got a poky little side-street newsagents of my own.'

'I MADE FRIENDS with my 'regulars' — offered them Plus Two's — chatted with them. One day one of them took me aside and offered me an Area Manager's job in a big chain of bookstalls.'

'FROM THEN ON I was all set to win. I was still saving and in a little while — presto! — *I* was the boss of a big shop and a car to take me to it every day.'

'THE REST WAS SIMPLE. I've everything that money could buy now except one thing — and that's cigars. Could buy a ton of 'em if I liked, but give me a PLUS TWO every time. Here's a remark to think over, my boy — when you're as rich as I am you can afford to buy the best even when it costs you less. See what I mean? No? Then think it over.'

DON'T WAIT! Go straight out now and buy your first big packet of PLUS TWO — smoke as many as you like and start right in saving the money you need behind you in this life!

Every bit as big and as good-packed without frills — save you MONEY!

Smokers! YOU TOO can save — yet get cigarettes every bit as big and as good — thanks to NO FRILL packing!

2/1d. a week saved! Where's the catch? *There ain't one!* Say you smoke 30 a day; most men do. You simply switch over to the new full-size, fat, cool, refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes — every bit as big and as good as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies' — and TWO SHILLINGS AND ONE PENNY goes rattling into your money-box *regular* every Saturday! Here's how it's done — You buy *cigarettes only* when you buy PLUS TWO'S, you don't pay for frills and wrappings — and that's why you get TWO MORE for your tanner. When you open the big 11¼d. packet, there's *four extra* full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit! Remember — only a full-size cigarette can give you a *full-flavour* smoke. *We have lodged a sworn testimony with the Westminster Bank Ltd. — that only pure and unadulterated tobacco of the finest crop is used in PLUS TWO'S.* So it's not a chance you're taking — it's a winner — a cert — a natural! Cash in on it! get your first packet of PLUS TWO'S and start banking this terrific cash bonus saving — NOW!

PLUS TWO CIGARETTES

Full size

COOPER PHILLIPS LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND

ALSO CORK TIPPER — BLUE BOXES

Should They Have a Child?

This is National Baby Week. The cry is: "Britain must have more and better babies!" Undoubtedly we shall be told of new plans to persuade parents to have more children.

But all those plans and the ballyhoo attendant on them will be in vain unless the Government is made to realise that hundreds of thousands of young couples in Britain to-day are childless, not because they don't want a baby, *but because they cannot afford one!*

Below we publish a letter from one such couple, Mr. C. R. Clifford and his wife, of Emma Road, Plaistow, London, E.13.

It strikes at the roots of the problem. They would be parents to-day, but until there are Bounties for Babies they must remain childless.

It's worth spending money on him, because one day he'll pay it back—and more—in taxes

Dear Sir,

I am an ex-soldier, aged thirty-one, now working as commissionaire for a large London firm. Rose, my wife, is seven years younger.

Before we married, two years ago, she was a machinist.

We love children, but have no family—simply because we cannot afford one.

We have not the means to give a child a fair chance in life, so we are determined to wait until our income improves.

ON the eve of National Baby Week, we write to put our case simply and sincerely to you, knowing that we represent the views of thousands and thousands of young married couples who, because they defer having children, are so often called selfish and shortsighted.

All the efforts to persuade married couples to increase their families are worthy of the highest praise.

But we feel they can have only a limited success because one vital fact is overlooked.

That fact is—our lack of hard cash.

Don't think that we are exceptional We are an ordinary young married couple who, like the vast majority of Britain's wage-earners, have an income appreciably below the income-tax minimum.

And, like most couples, we are deeply happy with each other.

When I left the Army, after seven years' service at home and abroad with the Royal Artillery, I wanted to be a professional boxer.

I was always keen on the game. I won the Army divisional middleweight championship, and later collected the Amateur Boxing Association gold medal for the North Eastern London Divisional Championship.

Well, on the very day that I joined the Corps of Commissionaires I met Rose and told her my plans.

She implored me not to go on with the fight game. "Give it up," she said. "You've just got a steady job—keep it."

I'm glad I took her advice.

Our courtship lasted four years. We saved hard, made plans for the future, frankly discussed children.

ROSE is the eldest of nine. She knows of the struggles and sacrifices parents of limited means have to make to rear a large family. How the parents must often go short—and sometimes the children as well.

So we said, "No children until we can afford to give them a fair deal." Not because we don't want them; rather because we adore them.

Call us selfish if you like.

We don't think so. We have made up our minds to wait until our circumstances improve.

Children don't *ask* to be born; our responsibility is their health and happiness and to give them a real chance of success.

We mean to give our children all three—by seeing that they get a fair start.

When only careful planning is keeping a young couple out of debt, a child can easily mean financial disaster.

CAN you wonder that such a couple turn a deaf ear to the well-meaning folk who say they must have more babies?

They hesitate not because they are selfish, but for the sake of the child.

Surely there is some way of solving this problem and helping married couples to produce the healthy babies they and the nation want so badly?

C. R. Clifford

Mr. and Mrs Clifford. They want a baby, but they haven't the cash

It's the One Remedy

YES, Mr. Clifford, there *is* a way in which it can be made possible financially for you—and hundreds of thousands like you—to have the babies you crave.

The solution is family allowances.

Let the State make weekly allowances to parents on such a graduated scale that the economic positions of parents and non-parents are equalised.

Critics of the idea get heated and say we can't afford it.

The present system, under which the biggest families have to go into the fewest rooms, the tables surrounded by the biggest array of hungry mouths hold the smallest quantity of food, is something to get really heated about.

It leads to all sorts of diseases consequent on malnutrition and overcrowding—and that's something we certainly can't afford.

Six months ago, when he was Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood spent a lot of time working out details of such a scheme.

It is believed that he favoured a weekly five shillings for the third and fourth children and bigger allowances for subsequent children.

We can reveal that the real object behind the much-criticised "Nosey Parker Bill" was to enable the authorities to get information on which the necessary legislation for bringing family allowances into being could be framed.

Let's hope that a great reform is not going to be lost because Sir Kingsley has gone to the Air Ministry.

We say that the scheme Sir Kingsley is credited with having had in mind doesn't go far enough.

Germany is paying all insured workers earning less than £660 a year 17s. a month for the third and fourth child, and 34s. a month for the fifth and subsequent children.

HER birth-rate falls no longer. It is going up.

In France, Belgium and New South Wales employers pay family allowances in the shape of wage increases to the fathers.

There are safeguards to ensure that employers won't save on their wage bills by giving preference to bachelors.

One scheme that has been suggested for this country is that the State should pay, say, half-a-crown a week for each child, which should be augmented in the case of the third and subsequent children by graduated weekly allowances from a contributory pool to which all adult workers should subscribe.

Family allowances are no new thing to this country.

All dependants' allowances during the Great War were on the family allowances principle.

Married members of the Services are paid on the same basis.

Certain big firms make such allowances.

So does the Methodist Church. And in certain diocese of the Church of England the same system applies.

Any Cabinet Minister who has ever been a Chancellor of the Exchequer would laugh at critics who say: "We can't afford it."

THEY know how expensive it is to fight the ill-effects of overcrowding and underfeeding the nation's children.

They know, too, that it is worth spending a few shillings a week for fourteen years to yield a taxpayer for forty, fifty, sixty years!

The State wants babies just as much as Mr. Clifford.

Very well, let it help Mr. Clifford with the Bill!

Creeping Peril

THERE is a peculiarity about petrol which scientists call "creepage," but which even they don't understand thoroughly.

Petrol spilled in one part of the room will send out long feelers of vapour to a flame in another part. The vapour will ignite, and in a split second the petrol itself will be ablaze.

That is what happened in a Midland city recently.

From a home normally occupied by a young married couple and their baby, the wife was absent for an operation in hospital.

Her brother, helping in the home and anxious to get the fire going, resorted to the petrol bottle.

There was a flash. The bottle burst into flames in his hands. Startled and agonised, he dropped it on the carpet.

Within a few seconds kitchen and scullery were ablaze.

Picture what the homecoming of that sick wife would have been—if it hadn't been for the wise forethought of her husband.

* * *

Some time before he had signed a coupon which he found in John Bull—and which is reproduced for your benefit on page 27 of this issue.

Thus he qualified for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme.

And so we paid for the ruin of the household effects involved in the fire.

Turn to page 27 *now*. It's the work of a moment.

This fearsome image guards the palace at Bangkok, Siam. I was certainly glad that I met him in daylight

Bali's maidens are famous for their beauty, and the troupe of girl dancers who posed with me for this picture are true daughters of the island

Mother can't resist patting a horse, even if it's a stone one. You see us here at the famous Shr of Khai Dimh, in Hue, French Indo-China

Round... Wo...

WHY *seven* Wonders of the World?

I have seen hundreds of wonders for myself in the last eight months.

I have been poised 85 ft. above sea-level in a 20,000-ton liner.

And I have seen trout caught in a cold stream one minute and cooked in a hot stream 3 ft. away the next.

Surely these things are Wonders of the World!

And what romantic and dramatic interest has been crowded into those thrilling eight months!

I have sailed the Caribbean, sea of lost treasures, where the wealth of the buccaneers still plays hide-and-seek with super-optimistic fortune-seekers—some of the type JOHN BULL has pilloried.

I have stood beside the dreaded electric chair.

Mixed with strange races—including one that has three different languages, to be used according to whether you are addressing superiors, inferiors or equals.

Met Australian and South African cousins—and Hollywood cousins, too.

Stood with the pretty girl dancers of the island of Bali, whose age-old ballet tells countless variations of one story—and that the Eternal Triangle.

LAUGHED at fellow-passengers who have tried to surf-ride over the coral reefs of Honolulu—and plunged to a ducking.

Wept, almost, at the poverty in wealthy New York, where I have even seen buyers for second-hand lipsticks.

A year ago such things would have been a dream as far as I was concerned. And my brother and I had little time for such dreams. We were kept busy, as we always hope to be, looking after our family coal and contractor's business which my father left on his death eight years ago. *And* looking after mother.

Then, last summer, I made the fortunate decision to invest sixpence in JOHN BULL's "Bullets" contest.

At thirty-six I pulled off the best investment of my life.

I won a life pension, a big cash sum and a 40,000-mile cruise for two. The dream became a breathless reality.

Electing to take mother with me, leaving my young brother to look after the business, I certainly found it breathless from the word "Go."

We sailed from Liverpool last Christmas Eve—the third couple to enjoy a world cruise as a result of winning a JOHN BULL competition.

Well, the marvellous experience has just ended. The thrills go racing through my memory.

First, the joy of seeing our good ship the 20,000-ton R.M.S. *Franconia*, her white hull towering to six decks above the waterline, all floodlit and gay.

A floating palace. And more—seeing that few palaces can give you a choice of 116 different dishes on the menu—which I mention as typical of the general luxury of our lives for months and months.

Next, the memory of a strong pull at the heart-strings as old England faded away in the sea mists.

And at last the ocean path of gaiety brought us to New York.

Chinatown, the Russian and Greek quarters, Riverside and then the Bowery—what a welter of contrasts we found there!

It was in the Bowery that we saw second-hand lipsticks for sale, in a market intended for such poor people that it would make Petticoat Lane look like Bond Street.

In many places we saw slums that we—thank God!—wouldn't tolerate for a minute.

Everything rotten and broken. Such congestion that nobody has a backyard. Washing hanging from front windows. Families of ten and twelve living in two decaying rooms—and paying thirteen dollars a month for the privilege.

Then the next day we were looking at the skyscrapers, bigger than your imagination ever painted them, the "Little Church Around the Corner," where forty-three couples were married in one afternoon recently, shops so wonderful that you wondered why they didn't import a few British shop-window dressers to make them perfect.

And at night a show with ninety-six chorus girls dancing shoulder to shoulder.

Everywhere the hospitality was overwhelming. Yes, New York certainly grows on you.

YET how true the description of it that we heard:

"City built by Italians, governed by Irish, baked for by Germans, fed by Greeks, washed for by Chinese, clothed by Russians—and the few Americans left are expected to pay the rates!"

Never mind. As we sailed away we felt that New York was as different from England as ancient Baghdad.

We skirted Florida. It was a dream-panorama.

Now the Bahamas. Now the Virgin Islands. Little heavens-on-earth set in a turquoise sea.

And so we reached Trinidad, where we saw native children like black cherubs.

We drove through bamboo canes,

Meet the Baxters

A year ago Mr. Albert Baxter, coal contractor, of Oakfield Road, Ilford, London, won in a JOHN BULL contest £6 a week for life, £1,250 cash, and two tickets for a world cruise.

Mrs. Baxter

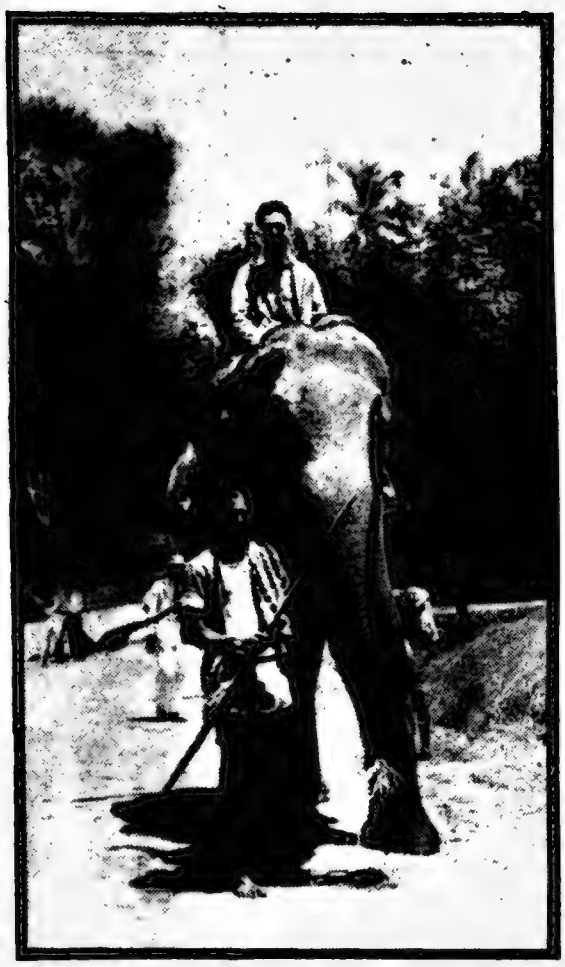
His dream of one day being able to see the world in comfort had become a reality. And what was more, he could take a friend. The friend he chose was—his mother.

Now the Baxters—mother and son—are home again, home with memories that will never fade. Here they tell you the story of the things they saw and did when they toured the world for sixpence—the cost of a competition entry.

...se, even if it's only ... the famous Shrine ...ch Indo-China

If London's taximen started wearing rig-outs like this Durban rickshaw boy, you wouldn't get many people querying the fare. But he was really quite a nice fellow, and he obeyed all the traffic signals

...nd the ...ORLD — for 6D.!



What's the good of going to Ceylon if you don't have a ride on an elephant? And what a slow ride it was. Jumbo had an appetite that morning and kept stopping for a snack

breadfruit and grapefruit for mile after mile.

What a journey—considering that we were regaled with free rum and angostura bitters at the end!

Then we saw Columbus' anchor and made the discovery that Hindus have migrated to the island to avoid the caste differences in their own country.

There was only one beggar in the romantic streets—and he named George Washington—so there was nothing to do but believe the story and pay!

DANCING till late at night. A growing feeling that civilisation, with its attendant disadvantages, never really existed.

And so, regretfully, onwards.

Days and nights of travel, now. Beautiful sunsets, more beautiful dawns. The thrill of watching sharks. Deck games, concerts, cinema shows, dances.

One grew blasé even about the flying fish that scudded like fleets of knife-edged monoplanes. One "power-dived" through a porthole.

Bahia at last. Imagine a town so multi-hued that it almost gives you eyestrain. Every house different in design and colour. A beach reminiscent of Cornwall.

Interior decorations in both cathedral and churches that were quite the finest works of art I have ever seen in my life, and rendered mother breathless with admiration.

Embroidery of gold so fine that one wasn't surprised to find that every grain of pure gold used has been pulled into a wire two miles long.

Add to it all a strange people, a strange sense of being in a world one never thought existed.

Did I mention the word "blasé" a minute ago? Impossible to feel blasé about all this.

Nor about Rio de Janeiro, next place of call, where rail cars drawn by cogs, and later our own eager feet, took us 2,300 feet up Corcovado Mountain.

There, near the ceiling of the world, we first looked up at the giant Monument of Christ the Redeemer, then down to see Rio and its harbour laid out in a magnificent carpet. Behind were mountains sweeping away into the clouds.

Then we mortals felt very, very humble. And small. Yet very glad to be alive and a part—a tiny part—of this wonderful scheme of things.

One began to remember the poetry one had learned. Even those who had little time for poetry.

We explored the mountains around. Waterfalls, primitive caves, relics of the former Indian possessors of Brazil, with the shrunken heads of their conquered enemies, perfectly preserved, among them; such forests; and, finally, brown men married to white wives and vice versa.

No colour bar anywhere.

WHAT are the film producers doing, that they don't give us a hint of all this! Even in black-and-white it would be incredible.

St. Helena. We must dismiss it very quickly, although one would like to tarry over it for months.

We didn't treat poor old Napoleon so badly after all!

We saw Briars' Estate, his first home, now office of the Eastern Telegraph Company.

And Longwood New House, which we built for him at a cost of £30,000 —although he never lived to occupy it.

The French there own all his personal possessions which they show. Right, perhaps, that they should own them.

And we saw his original tomb, empty now because they moved him to Paris, to lie among comrades in arms.

We had one good laugh, by way of light relief. That at "Jacob's Ladder" in Jamestown, which consists of 699 steps bordered by handrails.

LOCAL children put a shoulder on one rail and their feet on another and slide the whole way down—which must make a nose-dive seem tame.

Days at sea, in which mother tried to exhaust the ship's library—only to realise that she wouldn't do it in years.

Which brought us to South Africa, the country we loved best of all.

The first thing we noticed about Cape Town, the port of call, was the flat-topped Table Mountain, with the rugged Lion's Head next to it.

And there on the pier we saw a cousin of mine, who used to work at Kew Gardens, walking up and down in an effort to find us.

A shrill whistle from me—and he heard.

So did the rest of the crowd, every member of which was looking for somebody.

With what pride he took us round the Municipal Botanical Gardens, where he is employed.

Talk of English oaks. How prolific oaks are here. You are always walking on acorns.

One oak tree has coiled an arm round a water-pump and lifted it right out of its well!

With its back to Table Mountain we saw the famous statue to Cecil Rhodes, his hand outstretched to the mighty Africa that he loved and worked for, and underneath the telling words: "There is your hinterland."

We drove from there to the Rhodes Memorial, built of thousands of tons of granite, rising to a colossal height and surmounted by the bust of the great Empire-builder.

The words on it I will never forget:—

"The immense and brooding spirit still shall quicken and control.

"Living, he was the land, and, dead, his soul shall be her soul."

A strange point about Table Mountain.

Look at any map and you will imagine that when you turn your back to the sea and look towards the mountain you would be looking north.

That's just where everybody is wrong. You are looking south.

Through hundreds of acres of grapevines we drove to a wine press.

I tasted some of the vintage—and it was glorious.

BACK in London, I have wondered for years what happened to all the old hansom cabs that used to contribute to the gaiety and convenience of London's West End.

Well, Cape Town's got 'em! Dozens and dozens of 'em, old growlers among them! They were sent here after they outlived their usefulness in England.

I was going to try one for old time's sake until I discovered that a steward had done so and been charged three shillings a mile.

After that I decided to admire them from the outside.

Next port of call was Port Elizabeth.

In the snake park we saw the famous Johannes handling the most poisonous specimens with complete unconcern.

Picking up a highly dangerous cobra, he opened its jaws so we could see the venom dripping from the fangs.

There was nearly a stampede. If there had been, it would have been headed by Yours Truly.

Then a journey of 71 miles in and around hills to Pietermaritzburg, round loops so curved that we were always looking at the engine in profile.

What scenery it was! Mile after mile of rolling hills with higher mountains always in the background—here a sugar-cane farm, there scrub, sometimes rocks, and sometimes beautiful waterfalls.

But with our "side-on" engine always climbing higher and higher.

Through our first tropical storm we sailed to the Seychelles Islands, the scenery of which made us all want to live there, and the temperature of which decided us not to.

It was just like living beside the open door of a furnace.

YET the beautiful palm beach bordered with little islets, the mountain of rock on which the clouds hung as if on invisible cords, the monster boulders bestrewn everywhere and palm trees growing out of sheer rock—this was one of the most beautiful sights of the whole tour

Through plantations of cocoanuts to see natives dressed in their Sunday best hurrying to and from church, incredibly lean cows grazing, and even more incredibly funny pigs—surely they were pigs! —feeding

Ugh!—and giant spiders big as matchboxes, spinning from tree to tree.

Then back to the good ship *Franconia*—and on, across the Equator, to India and the Far East, for the bigger thrills in store.

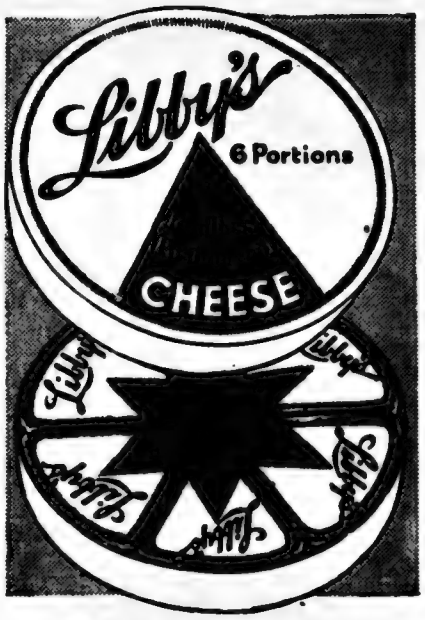
Second and final instalment of Mr. Baxter's narrative will appear in next week's issue. This week, on pages 32 and 33, you will find the announcement of another big world cruise prize, fortune and life pension.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

FOSTER CLARK'S

24 TUMBLERS FOR 6½D

Gives any meal the right finish.



LIBBY'S Pasteurized Cheese is a delightful digestive with the full flavour of the finest full cream cheese. Its stimulant action is an aid to the digestion of other foods.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD. LONDON, E.C.3

LCB—13—D

Stanley Bishop

Ends his thrilling series with the story of—

The Biggest MAN-HUNT of all!

Murder on the high-road. The policeman is standing in front of the gap in the hedge where the body of Sidney Spicer, first victim of Topliss, was found

A MAN crept out of the hedge, forcing his way through quick-set and ditch.

Carefully he pressed the brushwood down to cover the gap he had made, and hide what lay just inside.

Then he wiped his hands on the grass and strode to a car standing with its lights out.

Backing the car, he turned and drove furiously westward along the ribbon of road rising to the broad level of Salisbury Plain.

He drove as a man escaping.

Some time later a faint rat-tat at the door of a hut in Bulford Camp brought a young soldier from his bunk.

Eleven o'clock at night. Who could be knocking at that time?

Someone without a late pass, perhaps.

Private Harry Fallows opened the door cautiously. Another soldier was standing outside.

"FOR God's sake, give me a drink," he said, as he stumbled in and closed the door behind him.

Young Fallows gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it's Topliss!" he cried. "What are you doing here—now? You're mad!"

"Give me a drink," was all Topliss could answer.

Over the hastily prepared cup of tea, Francis Percy Topliss, "bad hat" of the depot—who had deserted from the camp three months previously—told his story to the youngster.

"Remember me promising you a joy ride?" he asked. "Well, you've got to come now if you want it. I have a car outside, and some business to do."

Persuasion overcame the scruples of Private Fallows. Besides, there was something strange about Topliss He had a wild look, and he declared that, whatever happened, he meant to have a pal with him on the adventure. He would not—or could not—drive alone.

So the two soldiers, Fallows protesting and fearful, broke out of camp and made their way to the car standing in the shadows—with lights out.

All through the night they drove. Topliss was at the wheel.

In the remoteness of Savernake Forest there was a stop while Topliss made a bonfire of some clothing.

Then Swindon . . . Cirencester . . . Gloucester . . . across the Severn into South Wales . . . still heading westward.

On the seat beside Topliss was a loaded Service revolver. Whenever they came to a town, and saw a policeman, Topliss dropped his right hand to the revolver.

By the evening of the next day—a Sunday—they had reached Swansea, exhausted and hungry. They parked the car in a garage, and stayed at a small hotel.

In the morning Topliss paid the bill. He had a wad of notes and some silver in a paper bag. It looked a lot of money to Private Fallows.

They drove from Swansea to the Mumbles, and then left the car in a side street while they had a meal.

About this time the early evening newspapers were on the streets.

There was news in them of a murder on the highway. A Salisbury hired car driver, Sidney Spicer, had been shot on the road between Amesbury and Andover. His body was hidden in the hedge.

He had been robbed of a week's takings, and his car was missing.

The police believed the murderer had made his get-away in the car.

When the two soldiers wandered back to their car they saw a policeman inspecting it. He was making note of the number—a Salisbury registration.

Topliss broke into a sweat of agitation. "Fallows," he said, "you had best get out of here. You are sure to get caught if you stay adrift. We ought to separate. I'll give you the fare back to Bulford."

They walked to the station together, and whenever they saw a policeman Topliss dodged behind Fallows and asked, "Is he looking?" Back in camp, young Fallows found himself face to face with Superintendent Cox, of the Hampshire Police, and told his story.

Sidney Spicer was shot for his car and money

AS a result, every police constable from Land's End to John o' Groats was handed this official circular:

"Wanted for Murder. Francis Percy Topliss, deserter from the R.A.S.C., Bulford Camp; blacksmith in civil life; height about 5 ft. 8 in., strong physique, smart appearance, ginger moustache; has posed as an officer; is believed to be carrying a Mark VI Webley Service revolver."

It was known by then that Topliss—dressed in the stolen uniform of a sergeant-major—had stopped Spicer in Amesbury and asked to be driven to Andover.

Also it was known that Topliss was an expert car thief, and had made it a side-line to deserting and other thefts.

He had boasted of getting another car, "even if it means using this"—"this" being a loaded revolver.

But days passed without a trace of the wanted man. From the moment he said good-bye to Private Fallows Topliss might have vanished into the fourth dimension.

Astonishing that for six weeks—from late April to mid-June—Topliss could remain "on the run" while the whole country was watching for him. But even more astonishing was the fact that his flight took him to Scotland and back to England again.

Yet through all his wanderings he wrote to his sweetheart—the girl who believed he was innocent. And she never gave him away.

NOT that her doing so would have helped much. By the time she received his letters he had made new moves.

He made changes in appearance, wearing Royal Air Force or Army uniforms and "civies" alternately. He carried the clothes in a Service kitbag.

So time passes until the beginning of June. By now Topliss, the gunman, is almost forgotten. People are convinced that he has escaped the country.

But the police have not forgotten. Every constable on his beat still looks for Francis Percy Topliss, "wanted for murder."

Then a sturdy, tanned young man turned up at a remote Scottish farmhouse and asked for work. The farmer liked the look of him, and gave the fellow a job, meals, and a bed in the stable loft. But one morning the constable from the village five miles away stopped to gossip across the gate with the farmer, and that afternoon the stranger was missing.

Some days later John Grant, of Tomintoul, saw the smoke of a wood fire coming from an old stone hut on the mountain side.

Nothing very unusual in that, for tramps frequently settled in the hut until turned out.

Casually, Grant mentioned the fact to Police-constable Greig, of the Banffshire Constabulary.

"Better see who he is," was the policeman's comment, but with no idea then that he was on the heels of Topliss, the killer.

With Grant and the gamekeeper of the estate, P.C. Greig climbed up the

THE RUN No. 6

They Woke a Sleeping Gunman . .

glen to the hut, pushing his cycle. In the hut they found a man sleeping on a bed of dried fern, his head pillowed on a kitbag.

The noise of their approach awakened him. He sat up rubbing drowsy eyes.

"Here," began the constable, "what's your —— ?"

Things happened suddenly. The stranger's hand dived beneath the bag and snatched out a revolver. Three shots crashed out.

The first hit the constable in the chest; the second wounded the farmer; the third missed the gamekeeper by inches.

Before the astonished keeper could act, the gunman sprang from the hut, seized the constable's cycle, and was away down the glen. He slung his kitbag across his shoulder as he steered with his left hand.

"Cheerio! Good-bye!" he cried.

NEWS of the shooting reached the central police station at Aberdeen, and a report was laid before the Chief Constable.

"I'm sure this man is Percy Topliss," he said. "Turn up the 'wanted for murder' description."

Height, build, appearance—the Chief ran through the details of the two reports. They tallied exactly. The Scottish police searched far and wide, but a week passed without any new or reliable information.

Then, one day, a smart young fellow in Royal Air Force uniform called at Carlisle barracks and asked to see the Quartermaster-Sergeant.

He said he had missed the train which was to have taken him south from leave.

He was stranded until next morning and could he please have a meal and a bed in barracks?

Yes, if he signed a chit, which would be forwarded to his R.A.F. unit.

Leaving early on the following morning—a Sunday—the R.A.F. mechanic was also permitted to take with him for his journey a tin of bully-beef.

A few hours later, on the main Penrith road, P.C. Fulton, of the Cumberland police, was doing his cycle patrol. Church bells were ringing for morning service.

"Life has no excitements up these parts," mourned the constable, "and yet I have to do this Sunday pedalling."

Just then he caught sight of a man in R.A.F. uniform sitting back against a wall, reading a paper.

"Wonder what he is doing right out here?" wondered the constable. He pulled up and asked, "Which way bound?"

The R.A.F. man, his hand in the side pocket of his tunic, stood up and answered, "Making for Penrith. I have to get back from leave. I'm already overdue, and I think I shall be shopped."

There was an exchange of further questions and explanations; then the constable mounted his cycle to ride homeward.

"We're all on the look-out for this fellow Topliss," he said as he pushed off. "No knowing where he may be."

"It's about time you fellows got him," laughed the airman.

But Fulton was not satisfied about the fellow's R.A.F. uniform. Reaching home, he turned up papers in his parlour-office giving the description of Percy Topliss, and the description of the man wanted for the Tomintoul shooting.

His memory refreshed, he was still *less* satisfied. He called to his wife, "Have to go out again," and cycled down the road once more.

SOME distance farther south Fulton came up with the man he sought.

This time, when he went forward to question, he faced a revolver and cold, unwavering eyes.

"You have come after me again, blast you," the man with the revolver

Francis Percy Topliss, deserter, car thief and gunman

snarled. "Well, *I am* Percy Topliss, and you can clear off.

"I'll kill you just as easy as the others. Throw down your handcuffs and truncheon—or——"

Fulton saw the strong finger pressing on the trigger. The man could not miss.

But Topliss did not shoot. He allowed the constable to back away and get to his cycle.

Penrith police quarters on a summer Sunday do not expect an emergency call to armed action. And there were no "flying squads" or mobile patrols in those days.

BUT within six minutes of Fulton raising the alarm a car with three armed officers was in pursuit of the murderer.

The car came to where the road forked. Which way for Topliss?

A woman in a cottage gave the clue. She spoke of a soldier who came and asked for a glass of water. "He went that way," she said.

Still no sign of the man in R.A.F. uniform. There was, however, a man in civilian kit striding along.

The car went by. Fulton looked back. "That's the fellow!" he cried. "He's changed his clothes."

The car stopped and turned. The inspector, seated next to the driver, stood up, his revolver at the ready. The two others behind sprang from the car. They also were armed.

The "civilian" halted, dropped his kitbag, and fired from the hip. A bullet shattered the windscreen. Another scoured the wing, and ricochetted, whining.

Just as quick came the return fire from three revolvers. The man in "civies" stumbled. His knees crumpled, and he fell, his hands scrabbling the dust.

He lay face downward and did not move. The policemen walked forward, looked down at him, then put their revolvers away.

Church bells were ringing for Evensong as they carried the body of Percy Topliss to the motor-car.

The greatest man hunt of all was ended.

Cavalcade of the C.I.D.

Arrest by Wireless

Mysterious disappearance, in 1910, of Mrs. Hawley Harvey Crippen, doctor's wife, and the flight of her husband led to the discovery of the woman's body under the cellar floor of their home. Another young doctor, now Sir Bernard Spilsbury, revealed that Mrs. Crippen had died from poisoning.

A warrant for the arrest of Dr. Crippen was issued, but he had left London with his girl typist and, despite widely circulated descriptions, they evaded arrest. Then news! The Captain of the steamer *Montrose*, on her way to Canada, suspected two of his passengers, "Mr. Robinson and his son," as the wanted fugitives. The "boy" was obviously a girl in disguise.

The result was the first murder arrest made possible by radio. A message flashed to London sent C.I.D. men racing to Liverpool to board a liner and chase the *Montrose* across the Atlantic.

The *Montrose* had a long start, but it was overtaken in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and the C.I.D. men went aboard and arrested "Mr. Robinson and his son." They were brought back to England for trial. The girl was acquitted, but Dr. Crippen was executed for the murder of his wife.

GOODY! WE'RE HAVING DELICIOUS "PUFFED" WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST, AGAIN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of "HEIDI," a 20th Century-Fox Production

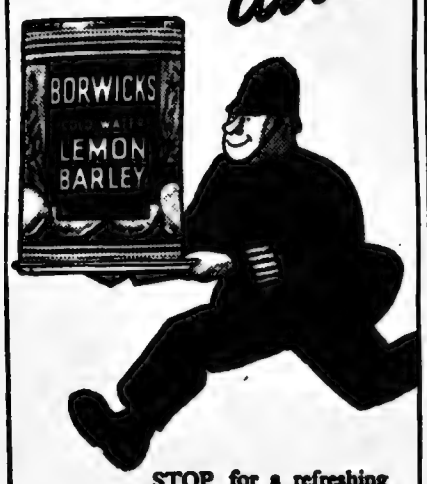
SHIRLEY always begs home "Puffed" Wheat when she goes to the grocer's 'cause she loves its tasty, nutlike flavour.

"Puffed" Wheat is the food that's "shot from guns." Every nourishing grain of wheat is actually exploded to eight times its normal size. That makes them specially easy to digest, so that you get their food energy more quickly and easily. Treat your family to a real Shirley Temple breakfast tomorrow. It's so convenient. Just pour it from the packet and serve.

"PUFFED" BRAND WHEAT

P. 146

Thirst aid



STOP for a refreshing drink, but don't waste time. It takes only 5 seconds to prepare. Healthy, refreshing and invigorating.

Just add cold water

BORWICK'S LEMON BARLEY POWDER

3d. 7½d & 10½d

George Borwick & Sons Ltd., 1 Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1

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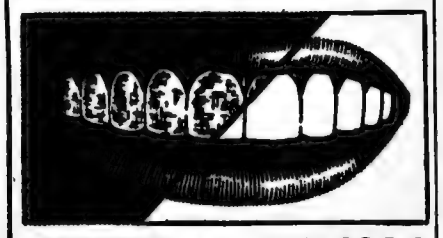

Less than 1/1000th of an inch separates

Good Teeth from Bad!

If you value your teeth remember this—less than a hair's-breadth of enamel protects them from decay at the gum line! If you use a gritty tooth-paste you are actually helping to wear this enamel away—so make sure your tooth-paste is *safe*. The test is simple. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there is the slightest sign of grittiness change at once to the paste which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send a 1d. Postcard for a free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B. 16), Norwich. You'll find no grit in Odol—it's as fine and smooth as dairy cream!

Odol®

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Human Documents— —by Philip Inman

FIVE MOTHERS WANT TO KNOW

What to do for the Best!

MY husband and I have been very happy together, but now we have a seven months old baby it seems to get on his nerves.

A month ago, when it cried, my husband gave it a smacking and he has done so several times since.

He says that he believes in training them young and in punishing them if they cry.

I am afraid the little one may be injured, and it is breaking my heart to see it treated in such a cruel way.

But, in spite of my pleading, he takes no notice.

★ Then someone *must* make that father take notice. It is inhuman, to say the least, to smack a seven months old child simply because it cries.

Could not the doctor or district nurse be asked to have a quiet chat with him?

They could point out the dangers of using force on a young baby. If those efforts do not succeed, then more drastic measures must be employed.

That man must be warned that the next time he lays hands on the child the police will be informed and he might then find himself in a serious position.

The law is severe—and rightly so—upon those who ill-treat little children. I hope that chat or that warning will act as a deterrent and my correspondent will have no further cause for complaint.

Our Holiday Hitch

My husband, after working for his firm for years, has been granted a week's holiday with pay.

Previously our three children and I have gone away with mother, and this year she offered to let us have her bungalow near the sea so that we could all go there.

My husband, however, says, "It will be no holiday for me with the children; I would sooner stay at home."

He wants the two of us to go away alone, but whenever I think of sea and sand I know I could not be happy without the children.

He is a splendid husband and father, and I know he needs a holiday, for it is seven years since he had one. But what can I do?

★ What does that husband suggest should happen to his family while he and his wife are on holiday?

Somebody would have to look after them. Presumably they would have to be paid. Very well.

Cannot my correspondent explain the situation to her mother and ask if, with some help, she will have the children at her bungalow.

That would settle two points. The kiddies would not be deprived of a holiday and my correspondent would know that they were in safe hands.

If she falls in with her husband's wishes this time, he should certainly try to please her next year.

He will probably do so of his own accord, for a parting from one's family is often the best way of appreciating them.

Many a father has discovered that a real playtime with his children can be just as beneficial as a rest and change of air.

My Son is Spoiled

We live with my husband's people, who spoil our boy of eight. They let him have anything he wants. Even if I refuse him something they give it to him when my back is turned.

As a result he is quite out of hand, and if I chastise him I am accused of cruelty.

I am afraid that by constantly pandering to him he will grow up to be thoroughly selfish.

★ Where does my correspondent's husband picture in this problem? The boy is just as much his child and he must take his share of the responsibility.

Probably his people will take notice of what he says. He should tell them frankly that he wants his wife to be supported in her desire to bring up the lad decently, and that, although he appreciates their kindly interest, it must not develop into interference.

"If it persists," he should say, "we shall have to move elsewhere."

A hint of that kind will probably make them see reason. The boy is obviously dear to his grandparents, and they will not want to lose him.

They Like the Girls

I have two sons, aged sixteen and seventeen, who are still at school.

Naturally they are at an age when the opposite sex has an attraction for them, and my husband and I have allowed them to join a Boys' Club so that they may become interested in other things.

Now we find that their club occasionally visits a neighbouring Girls' Club for tea and dancing, and though I think this is good for them because they learn, under the supervision of their leaders, how to enjoy themselves and behave in the company of girls, my husband does not agree.

As a result he is constantly threatening them about what he will do if he finds them with girls.

We are in agreement about most things, but in this I feel I must stand out, otherwise the boys might turn against us. What do you advise me to do?

★ This mother, in my opinion, is right and the father wrong.

The opposite sex should not be made a forbidden mystery—even at sixteen or seventeen.

Young people need each other's companionship. If these boys are not allowed to meet girls under the circumstances explained by my correspondent, they may choose less desirable ways of doing so.

And the threats of their father may make them furtive and deceitful.

I am sure he will be wise to show toleration. Then, with his wife, he will retain the confidence of his sons.

Instead of being afraid of him they will seek his guidance and advice on their friendships.

She Wants a Career

My daughter won a scholarship five years ago and ever since she has always been either the first or second in her form.

She is hoping to matriculate shortly and then wants to continue her studies.

I would like to give her a chance, but is it worth while making the sacrifice? There are four of us, and my husband earns only £3 3s. a week. After paying for rent and food there is not much margin.

★ This girl certainly shows promise. But whether she should be allowed to continue her studies depends upon this question—What work does she intend to take up?

There is little point in her going on unless she has some objective.

My correspondent should have a talk with her headmistress. She has, no doubt, formed an opinion of the girl's capabilities.

If a scholastic or professional career is to be followed, then higher education is essential. If, however, the girl shows an aptitude for business, then a commercial training should be taken.

On one thing I am sure. This mother will never regret giving her daughter her opportunity. In fact, I doubt if she would be happy if she did not do so.

● *Send your private problem to "Humanist"—the man who wants to help you—enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Address the envelope to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Letters sent to any other address cannot be dealt with.)*

Here's a Teaser!

P	A		E

One letter must be added in the blank space above to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "You may get a shock when you turn this." What letter would you put there?

When you have decided, turn to pages 32 and 33, where you will find an absorbing Holiday Puzzle made up of teasers such as this. Half an hour spent tackling them may well bring you a 40,000-mile World Cruise, £500 Fortune and £5 Weekly Life Pension!

Forgotten to buy Pan Yan? Then, of course, the family won't welcome a cold supper. But just you serve Pan Yan with that meat or salad. That spicy appetiser makes cold meals No. 1 favourites with everyone. Pan Yan is splendid for the digestion, too, because it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs. Good temper starts in the stomach, and nothing gives it a better start than Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Romance comes to the girl who guards against Cosmetic Skin

SKIN that's gently smooth and soft has an appeal that men find irresistible . . .

So don't have unattractive Cosmetic Skin—the tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps, that warn you of choked pores.

COSMETICS HARMLESS IF REMOVED THIS WAY

Lux Toilet Soap will protect your skin from this danger. Its PENETRATING lather goes deep into the pores, gently carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used this fine white soap for years because they know it keeps skin lovely.

Begin your beauty treatment today. Use all the rouge and powder you wish, of course! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

JOAN BENNETT says: (Walter Wanger Star)

USE ALL THE COSMETICS YOU WISH! I AVOID COSMETIC SKIN BY REMOVING MAKE-UP WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. THIS CARE KEEPS MY SKIN FLAWLESS

3D. A TABLET

This notice applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

TL 9248-104-38 A LEVER PRODUCT

You can't beat a good soap lather!

The whole process is a joy—refreshing, invigorating, and after—a scalp tingling with that delightful sensation which betokens a clean, healthy condition. You know from experience that soap is the most perfect cleansing medium—pure soap forms the basis of—

EVAN WILLIAMS DANDRUFF REMOVER Shampoo

Of Hairdressers and Chemists

6D. PER BOTTLE

What Katie did

This corner's very bare. How can we make it look a bit more cheerful? Is that old brass jug still in the garage?
That's the one! I guess you've had oil in it, but Brasso will very soon brighten it up again.
How's that for a shine? And done in no time! A bright piece of brass is just what that shelf needed. See how it catches the light!

BRASSO

THE QUALITY METAL POLISH

RECKITT AND SONS, LIMITED, HULL AND LONDON

TIME and Mrs. Mallinson

I WRITE this story just as Mrs. Mallinson told it to me. She is a gentle old lady, with twinkling blue eyes. She does not suggest either adventure or romance. Rather anybody's aunt, living in one of the less interesting hotels in South Kensington.

"Of course," said Mrs. Mallinson, "there may be some quite ordinary explanation for it all, my dear. But I have never been able to find one myself."

As a girl, Mrs. Mallinson lived with her parents in a country rectory. There were views over fields to the sea, and honeysuckle on the porch, and everyone had plenty of spare time, but no ready money.

Winter coming on, and the urgent need of a new coat, was what first set the Rector's daughter thinking of ways and means to raise some cash.

She decided to write a book.

Day-dreams of her own, and her secret thirst for adventure, went to the making of that rather unlikely story.

It was about a girl who longed to get married and have a home of her own, and seeing no probability of meeting any eligible young men, put an advertisement in the agony column of a daily paper.

Writing a book turned out to be good fun, and Mrs. Mallinson tells me she was most intrigued, thinking out what should happen to her characters next.

The answer to the advertisement was a young six-foot-four Adonis. He fell in love with the heroine, and took her away to India.

"I must own, my dear," said Mrs. Mallinson, "that having got them to India I felt I had made a grave mistake, for I knew nothing whatever about the place. I chose it entirely at random from the globe of the world that stood in the schoolroom."

They wanted passion and tragedy? They should have it. Mrs. Mallinson set about to enlarge upon it

She had no difficulty whatever with the story until she got them to India. But after that it was uphill work.

It is not easy to describe scenery you have never seen, and from the start she had a secret fear the story would not ring true.

However, she grappled courageously with the landscape. She threw in a mosque with a pearl cupola and four jade minarets. Two palm trees stood beside it, leaning towards it as if they, too, listened to the muezzin proclaiming there was no God but Allah.

Re-reading this part of her story, the young authoress decided it lacked movement. So she put in a rebellion.

The rebellion roused the whole neighbourhood, and a fakir over the frontier was suspected of engineering it.

★ But all the time it was a little shopkeeper in the bazaar, called Kota Khan, who was the real leader. His warehouses, supposed to be full of silk and spices, turned out to be an arsenal.

Mrs. Mallinson says she was very pleased with this part of her story. Full of hope, she sent the manuscript to a publisher.

She was hardly more than a schoolgirl at the time, and the publisher was obviously taken aback when he sent for the writer of that surprising tale.

"What do you know about India and rebellion, my child?" he asked. "Where did you get your local colour?"

She blushed and said she just made it up.

"It's not a bad story at all. Surprising that anyone as young as you are is able to produce such a convincing narrative about a land you have never been to."

"You mean," cried the young authoress, her head full of winter coats, "that you will publish it?"

"Provided you are ready to make certain changes, yes."

The manuscript, it appeared, was too short. And it lacked passion.

Strange Things Happen to Women (No. 5) by

Dorothy Black

Author of "Idle Women"—and "The Loveliest Things"

"If," said the publisher, looking at her doubtfully, "you think you can remedy this, we will publish the book in our New Writers series. But the story requires another man. Perhaps he could fall in love with the heroine. We are not adverse to a little tragedy. . . ."

They wanted passion and tragedy? They should have it. Biting her pen, Mrs. Mallinson set herself to enlarge on her theme.

★ She invented a tall, dark man with eyes that were cold as the sea. Remembering hints the publisher had given her about making a character easily distinguishable, she gave the tall man an auburn moustache.

This had the effect of anchoring him in Mrs. Mallinson's mind very clearly indeed, and she seemed to see him as plainly as if she knew him quite well.

The marriage between her hero and heroine had not been a particularly happy one. Until the tall, dark man came into her life, the heroine had not known what love really was.

But now, beneath the deodars and a tropical moon, she learned. And the dark man begged her to leave her commonplace husband and fly with him.

So they ran away, taking ship back to England.

And because Mrs. Mallinson lived in a Rectory, and had been given a stern moral upbringing, and because the publisher said he was not adverse to tragedy, it seemed best for the ship they travelled in to be wrecked. So that they perished together.

"This story has now the makings of a best seller," wrote the publisher.

Mrs. Mallinson says she was slightly stunned by her good fortune. For the first time in her life she had ready money. She was able to outfit the entire family with winter coats, and there was still some money left.

So she began thinking things over, and wondering what would really happen if one put an advertisement in the agony column of a newspaper. And she thought, wouldn't it be fun just to try?

The answer to her advertisement was six foot four, and he was very handsome.

Mrs. Mallinson tells me she got a sort of shock when she first met him, because she could not help feeling she had seen him somewhere before.

But she thought nothing of it at the time, telling herself it was all imagination.

He married her and took her to India.

"Look . . ." he said on their first evening together in their new bungalow. "I want to show you something. . . ."

There in the fast fading daylight she saw a mosque with a pearl cupola and jade minarets. And from the distance came a voice crying:

(Continued on page 26)

This cookery book is for the women who have to get a full pennyworth of food value from every penny of their outlay

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21 Menus & 82 Recipes for Family Meals

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A for APPLES **B** for BULMER'S **C** for CIDER

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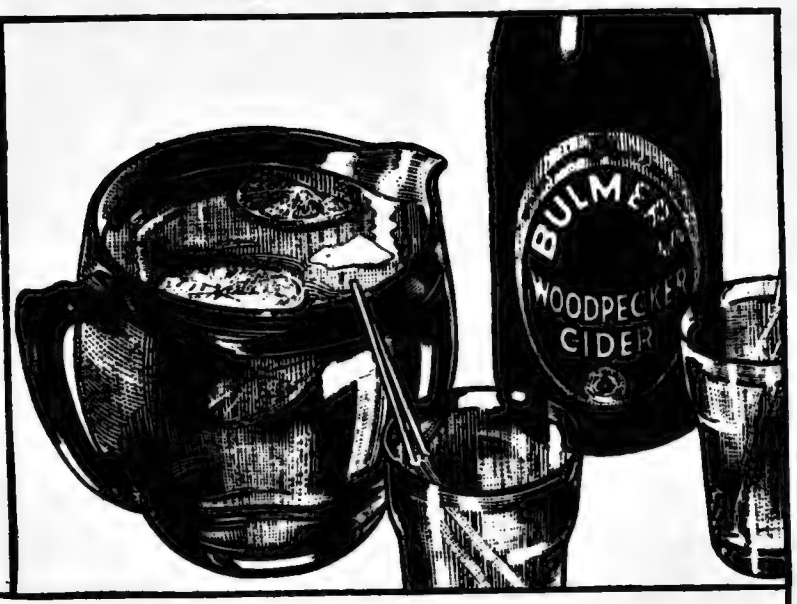
To half a flagon of Bulmer's 'Woodpecker' Cider add the juice of one orange, a dessertspoonful of Castor sugar, one small glass of gin, and about half the quantity of Soda Water. Decorate with slices of orange.



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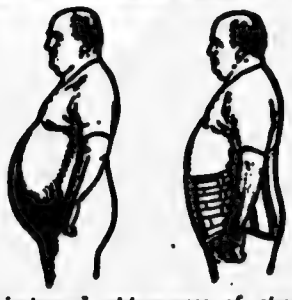

Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

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Time and Mrs. Mallinson

(Continued from page 24)

"Ho, Allah-ill-allah . . ."

"I always think," said Hector Mallinson, whimsically, "those two palm trees look as if they were listening to the feliah."

Then only did Mrs. Mallinson face the fact that she was up against something odd.

The whole of her time in India had a dream-like quality, in which, most uncomfortably, she had a shrewd suspicion what would happen next.

She was for ever finding herself admiring some view she had invented with considerable difficulty in that room above the honeysuckle porch at the Rectory.

Bits of her own book kept cropping up in a fashion that was highly disconcerting, until, says Mrs. Mallinson, there were times when she really hardly knew where she was.

She longed to tell the whole story to someone. But already she knew that her husband would never understand.

The rebellion came as an immense surprise to everyone except Mrs. Mallinson, who had been waiting for it, with a guilty feeling that perhaps the whole thing was her fault.

"That damned Fakir feliah over the frontier is at the bottom of it all," said her husband. "He must be running guns through, though we can't, for the life of us, discover how he does it.

"He must have a secret store somewhere in the bazaar. We've sent for reinforcements, but it's going to be pretty nasty, I'm afraid, if they don't arrive soon. I heard this morning . . ."

★ ★ ★

She interrupted him. She could not keep silent any more. She knew he would only laugh at her, but she did not care.

"Oh, Hector, it's not the Fakir. . . . If you could only find someone called Kota Khan . . . I'm sure he's the man. . . ."

"The only Kota Khan I know of is a harmless little Babu who sells silk in the Burra Bazaar."

"Yes. That's the man, Hector. I know that's the man."

He threw back his head and laughed at her as she knew he would.

Women, he said, got some pretty wild ideas. He supposed she called that feminine intuition. He buckled on his sword and went out, still laughing.

But between the bungalow and the Orderly Room his slow mind moved round what she had said. At noon he went in to the Colonel.

Kota Khan's warehouses were found packed with arms, ammunition and seditious literature. A rising had been planned for that very night, and would have wiped the station off the map.

"We owe you something for this, Mallinson," said the Colonel grimly. "What in the name of fortune put you on the scent of it?"

By this time Captain Mallinson had convinced himself the idea had really been his own, and he took the promotion that came to him as merely his due.

There was an increase of pay, a transfer to Simla, and a very much gayer life. There were balls and parties.

New Year brought an invitation to a big dance at Government House.

★ ★ ★

"The funny thing was," says Mrs. Mallinson, "that, as I opened that invitation, it was as if a voice said to me urgently, 'Now! Now!' I knew something was to happen to me that night."

Into the ballroom came the tall, dark man. His eyes were cold grey. He even wore the auburn moustache that Mrs. Mallinson had given him years before at the publisher's suggestion.

It was not strange that she should be taken aback at seeing him. What was strange was that he should be equally taken aback at the sight of her.

"We have met somewhere, you and I," he said, as they danced together.

"No," said Mrs. Mallinson. But her voice was faint. They fell in love, and under the deodars he swept her off her feet with a passion she had never dreamed of. Her marriage had been a cold and unsatisfactory affair, leaving her quite unawakened. She and her husband had long since become one of the many couples who share a house, for the most part in silence.

Next week's strange adventure is by Ethel Lena White, author of "The Wheel Spins," "The Elephant Never Forgets," and many other novels

"I know now, dear, that was my chance of happiness. He was everything I had ever wanted a man to be. There was no one else like him. I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if . . . if I had acted differently.

"If I had my time over again, I would go with him. As it turned out, it would have been far better if I had."

At this juncture, Mrs. Mallinson says she lost her nerve over the whole business.

★ ★ ★

So far she had struggled to convince herself the strange coincidences she kept experiencing were only coincidences.

But now she abandoned the notion. She knew there was something more in it than that. She knew, without any doubt, what would happen next.

And she loved him and thought of one thing only. How she could save him.

If they left for England together, she felt certain they would be shipwrecked.

Up to now her book had been lived out incident by incident. Why should she be spared the last chapter?

But if she, of her own free will, broke the sequence of events, perhaps she might at last get free of this strange web of her own weaving.

They had one heartbreaking interview on Jacko Hill.

He had taken a passage for her and for himself. They loved each other as people only love once in a lifetime, and it never dawned on him for a moment that she would not come.

She tried to tell him why, but he did not understand her.

"If we go—if I come with you—something dreadful will happen," she told him.

"No," he said. "But if you do *not* come with me something dreadful will happen. I know that."

He cancelled his passage, putting his departure off for a week, trying to convince her.

That, says Mrs. Mallinson, was one of the cruellest parts of it all. For the ship they would have gone on together arrived at its destination safely, without adventure.

In the end he went alone.

"It almost broke my heart. Life ended for me, dear, the day he sailed.

"I knew it at the time, and I have not changed my mind since. And it turned out that he was right, not I. But how can one know?"

It was during the war. The ship he sailed on was sunk in the Mediterranean. He was among those drowned.

★ ★ ★

"I have never forgotten hearing the news," says Mrs. Mallinson. "I was very ill after that. For months they thought I would die.

"All through my convalescence I used to lie wondering what would have happened if my conscience and upbringing had not, as it were, laid upon me the necessity of giving that ending to my story—if the publishers had not made a point of telling me they did not object to a little tragedy.

"For it seems that with my own hand I killed the only person in the world I ever really cared for.

"I can remember so well writing my silly book, and thinking perhaps it would be better not to let them live happily ever after, because they had not been quite good. . . .

"And all the time I was signing the death warrant of my own happiness.

"And the worst of it is I cannot find any explanation of it, and I am sure no one would ever believe me if I did."

That is the strange story of Mrs. Mallinson, who does not look at all like high romance or adventure. Merely like anyone's aunt.

The Human Machine

They're Not All Real

UNSATISFIED desire is a lot common to everyone. All of us have, and have had for years, the wish to do a number of things, and all of us have failed to fulfil some of those wishes.

Well, none of us do all we should like to do. We are frustrated by lack of money, by health, responsibilities, by a hundred and one very cogent reasons.

But perhaps a good half of the irritation we feel at not being able to achieve our desires could be dissipated in a moment if we realised that idle desire and genuine aspiration are birds of a very different feather.

There is a vast difference between what we really want to do and what we only think we want to do; and most of our irritation comes from the latter—believe it or not!

For what we *want* to do, what we want to do so vitally and so urgently, we shall sooner or later achieve—or at least we shall make a beginning.

Probably every one of us thinks he would like to travel round the world—but how many of us have ever bothered to take even the smallest practical step towards the fulfilment of our desire?

How many of us have even bothered to find out how much it would cost and how long it would take? A simple test maybe, but a test nevertheless of the reality of our desire.

You can always apply this test to your desires. If they are genuine enough and strong enough they will make you do something about them, however small the beginning you may make.

* * *

If you can't even be bothered to do anything about them, they're not real—so forget them!

WIFE'S LETTER SAVES HUSBAND

Can I see Mr. McPherson of the Shirtings Dept.?... here's my card
(THINK!) I MUST FILL THIS ORDER OFF... IT'S MY LAST CHANCE OF ANY COMMISSION THIS WEEK, AND I PROMISED BETTY THE MONEY
HALF AN HOUR LATER
Turned down again! Gosh, what's the matter with me lately? I seem to have lost all my self-confidence. Oh, I'll go back to the hotel and get some rest. It's this ghastly tiredness that's holding me back
BACK AT THE HOTEL
Another letter from Betty! I hope she isn't worrying about that money
-so please don't worry about us Bob dear - I'll manage somehow. It's you I'm worried about! I'm sure this continual tiredness you write about is all wrong. Couldn't you see a doctor? Just to please me!
Your loving Betty.
PS. XXX from John
AT THE DOCTOR'S
...So I came to see you, doctor. I can't carry on like this - why I even wake tired...
Hm - it's Night Starvation. You see, even at night you go on using up energy in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions. Unless energy is replaced during sleep you're bound to wake tired, not up to your job. You need Horlicks regularly...
THAT VERY NIGHT BOB STARTED HORLICKS
A FORTNIGHT LATER—HOME AGAIN
Why Bob - you're looking better already!
My order book looks better too - wait till I tell you!
TWO MONTHS LATER
I never dreamed we'd have a holiday like this, Bob! Hope we're not spending too much!
Don't you worry about that, Betty. Everything's grand now! You and Horlicks between you have put me on top of the world

TAKE HORLICKS, a cupful regularly last thing at night, and end Night Starvation. You'll wake refreshed, no more tiredness. You'll soon get back your 'drive' and vitality. Horlicks prices from 2/-. At all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. & 1/-.

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Sales.

Louis Golding says—

Give these Lads a Chance!

"They're game people, these youngsters, and it's an uphill road that leads to the ring..."

A FEW nights ago I went to a boxing show in one of the tougher parts of London. I sat in a ringside seat for a couple of shillings.

Two bantam-weights were hammering away at each other in the chalky glare of the vertical arc-lamps.

It was the seventh round of an eight-round contest, and they had fought each other to a standstill, although one of the boys was a substitute.

They had fought me to a standstill, too. My heart was thumping with pleasure and admiration.

It had been a beautiful exhibition of boxing. That's where my pleasure came from—the sort of pleasure I get from hearing a song well sung or seeing a play well acted.

But the ringside backers did not like it. Neither did the toughs at the back of the balcony.

"Go on! 'Ave a go!" they shouted.

"Dahnstairs!" they counselled brilliantly. The yelling became continuous and ugly.

"I wonder if they would shout so loud," I murmured to myself, *"if they knew that that substitute had walked five miles to this hall, because he hadn't got a penny in his pocket?*

"I wonder if it would worry them if they knew that the other boy's father had died last week, and he's inherited the job of looking after his mother and a large family? I wonder."

A WEEK before I had gone to an hotel in the West End where, under the auspices of a venerable Club, you can dine and watch some spirited exhibition boxing. The men wore tail-suits and the women wore jewels and evening gowns.

We sipped our champagne and smoked our cigars and watched round after round in well-bred silence.

The only time a flutter was heard among us was when the M.C., in announcing the name of the boxer, announced also what his job was: *Brass-moulder, Spot-welder, Hod-carrier, Milk-roundsman.*

It seemed so awfully odd, so original: *A spot-welder!* What a very eccentric thing to be. The whisper rose among the gleaming glasses, then decorously died away.

The technical merit, the personal courage, of the boxers did not go unrewarded. On the contrary, every bout, I think, was rewarded with a munificent bonus.

Yet I could not help wondering whether those ladies and gentlemen could possibly have preserved that well-bred silence so perfectly if they had known, as I chanced to know, the tale behind those taut faces and weaving gloves.

Would they have been quite so imperturbable if they had known that that little spot-welder, who put up so brave a show, was racked with misery because the girl he had married only a few months ago had just run off with a flashy racecourse tout?

The gentleman had sparkled a ring or two in her eyes, and she was gone.

He knew where the tout lived. He could have had him snivelling in the gutter by just staring at him.

But that was his trouble. How could you lay a finger on so poor a thing?

And it was for so poor a thing she had turned him down. And even if he knocked the fellow's teeth through the back of his neck, would that bring the girl back to him?

Unsportsmanlike scenes have been marring British boxing. The crowd has come to see blood—not skill. Here Louis Golding shows you another side of the picture, tells of the struggles and the courage of the youngsters who "fill in the bill."

"A little more brandy, sir? Another cigar? Seconds out! All clear? Go to it, little spot-welder!"

Yes, the moral I draw from all this is obvious enough.

Boxers are not only machines, they are human beings, and I think that boxing fans, both in mufflers and in the white ties, are apt to forget it.

Let me tell a tale or two out of what has become a well-stocked experience.

I was once watching a six-round contest at the Paddington Baths. Two youngsters were having a hell-for-leather tussle.

ONE of the pair was tough, the other was rather baby-faced. But that was not they way they fought.

Baby-face plugged away with the dour persistence of a Scots coalminer, Tough-guy darted about like a lizard, sticking out his glove like a forked tongue.

Then, half-way through the fourth round, something seemed to happen to Baby-face.

He began to dither about all over the place. He could do nothing right till the last bell went. He also, I gathered, was not on the programme.

I heard murmurs all round me about the promoters putting on too many substitutes.

Baby-face got the bird good and hard. He went off to the dressing-room with his head on one side, as if he bowed to the withering blast of the crowd's disapproval.

WELL, Baby-face *was* a substitute. He had a very special reason to go scrounging round that ring in the hope of picking up a last-minute job.

He had been unemployed for the last few months. His wife had had a baby the day before, and that's a job that needs money, whatever way you look at it.

What had gone wrong in that fourth round? A punch—not a particularly hard one—had struck an optic nerve that had been waiting for just such a punch for quite a long time.

During the rest of that fight Baby-face couldn't see his opponent at all. He was just lamming out at a moving clot of blackness.

Rather grim, when he had been unemployed for months now, and was certain to go on being unemployed for months ahead — rather grim he could not hope any longer to help out the wife and the new kid with a stray fight.

And the moral?

Restrain yourselves, gentlemen of the fancy, next time a boxer weakens in the middle of a fight! It may be that something quite solemn has happened that wasn't put down on the programme!

I remember, for instance, seeing Jock McAvoy meet John Henry Lewis in Madison Square Garden. The decision went against him.

Later I saw McAvoy's right hand—swollen, terribly sensitive, knocked completely out of joint.

I remember seeing exactly the same thing when Kid Berg beat Harry Mizler for the light-weight championship.

Sometimes it's a hand, sometimes a rib or two, sometimes a collar-bone. Those things are usually more serious than a cut eye, though not so flashy.

The referee can't see them, and the sort of boxers I'm writing about would rather give up a year of their lives than breathe a word about it to that same referee.

But it's a heartbreaking thing to be within a hair's-breadth of world, or national, championship honours, and to have them stolen from you by some invisible damage.

But I'm not going to waste your tears or mine on those big fellows, who, on the whole, get pretty well paid for that out-jointed hand or that broken rib.

It's for the little fellows I'm asking your sympathy, the six- and eight-rounders of the small halls, who still hand out their half-crown seconds' money, and their gym. money, and even their shilling or two for the manager.

They're game people, these youngsters. It's an uphill road that leads to the ring, and it's hard going when they get there.

Treat them, I pray you, with a little more chivalry than has been forthcoming lately, in one hall and another! They deserve it.

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The convenience and privacy of a Credit Account are offered to all Sportsmen & Sportswomen. Any amount may be invested at Ante-Post Prices or at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

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NO LIMIT for Doubles, Trebles, Accumulators, Owners' and Trainers' Selected, Jockeys' Mounts; and NO LIMIT to the amount that may be won.

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HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush but *it must be* KOLYNOS—to ensure attractive teeth and firm, healthy gums. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Try it.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Don't overlook the wonderful offer on pages 4 and 5.

—Turn to it NOW!

Send for FREE Book and full details.

THE BEST OF GOOD NEWS

FOR ALL SUFFERERS FROM CATARRH & Noises in the Head

Physician Makes Discovery of Fundamental Importance—whereby Catarrh is INSTANTLY RELIEVED AND QUICKLY ERADICATED

NO more Choking, Coughing, Sniffing, and Gasping for Breath; no longer need anyone suffer the annoyance and humiliation of Nose Stoppages, Excessive Mucus and Phlegm, Head Noises, Deafness and Bronchial Asthma—nor the dangerous Self-Poisoning of Catarrhal Indigestion and Constipation!

The newest medical knowledge reveals how the Catarrhal Condition can be eradicated completely from the entire system, and shows why any kind of treatment which merely attacks symptoms is always futile.

If you have Catarrh of the Nose, or Throat, or Stomach—then you may be sure that the same condition extends right through your system. Germs are at work, and their poisons get into your blood and circulate everywhere.

Every sufferer knows that the nose and throat can be quickly and easily cleared with gargles, sprays and inhalants—but the trouble usually returns. You may clear the surface, but the infection, being in the blood, cannot be got rid of so easily.

An eminent physician, who fully realised the true facts about Catarrh, set himself the task of finding a remedy that would banish as well as relieve—by destroying ALL the Catarrh germs whilst cleansing the blood of their poisons.

SEND NO MONEY

Special Arrangement has been made for

FREE INSTANT RELIEF

to be Posted at once on Receipt of

"ENTITLING FORM"

—— below

After extensive research work, over a number of years, he succeeded in producing a new bactericide—deadly to the Catarrh germ but non-poisonous, colourless, non-staining, and pleasant to use. It clears nose and throat "like magic," and it also passes into the blood-stream, and so hunts down the germs, no matter where they lurk — something entirely new in the treatment of this disease.

Mr. John Houben, Managing Director of Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., chemists, has been entrusted with the distribution of the Specialist's New Three-fold Remedy for Catarrh and its Kindred Ailments.

To complete the good work, he perfected two wonderful prescriptions for internal use—one which cleanses all the Catarrh-germ poisons from the blood and another which puts the natural defence forces of the body into first-class "fighting trim" against re-infection. Thanks to these discoveries—now combined in one three-fold treatment—thousands of chronic sufferers have got rid of their Catarrh, Bronchial Asthma, Head Noises, and all Allied Complaints COMPLETELY AND PERMANENTLY.

For the first time many have learned what one-hundred-per-cent. health really means—and their letters of grateful thanks run into thousands.

As the fame of his treatment spread, the Physician was compelled to seek the aid of a well-known firm of Manufacturing Chemists to pack and distribute the medicines. In accordance with the oldest and fairest of trading principles, "try before buying," they offer to send all sufferers, FREE, a small test supply of the preparation which will bring INSTANT RELIEF (the coupon at foot will simplify application).

IMPORTANT:

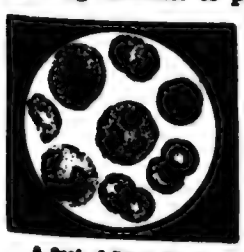
Though only "instant relief" is claimed for the small free supply, the Three-Fold treatment COMPLETELY CONQUERS CATARRH (and its kindred complaints) and fortifies the system against further attacks.

WARNING:

Never neglect Catarrh, it leads to DEAFNESS and serious LUNG TROUBLES. It saps vitality, shortens life, spreads misery and illness everywhere. For your own sake—for the sake of your family and friends—apply for the free supply to-day.

GUARANTEE:

Universal Success proves the truth of the Physician's theory that there is only ONE Catarrh, whether it appears in nose, head, throat, chest, stomach or intestine, and that the three-fold Treatment eradicates it absolutely. This is so certain, that Messrs. Hamlyn & Houben, Ltd., the Manufacturing Chemists referred to above, fully guarantee it on terms that COST YOU NOTHING unless it succeeds in your case.



A Spot of Blood Highly Magnified.

Your blood circulates all over your system every few minutes. Just as it carries Catarrh Poisons—it also carries the Catarrh Specific to destroy germs inaccessible to any other treatment

Post This—and be Rid of Catarrh

"ENTITLING FORM"

FOR FREE INSTANT RELIEF

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director),

Messrs. HAMLYN & HOUBEN, LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for my Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

NAME .....
(Please Print Clearly in block capitals.)

ADDRESS .....

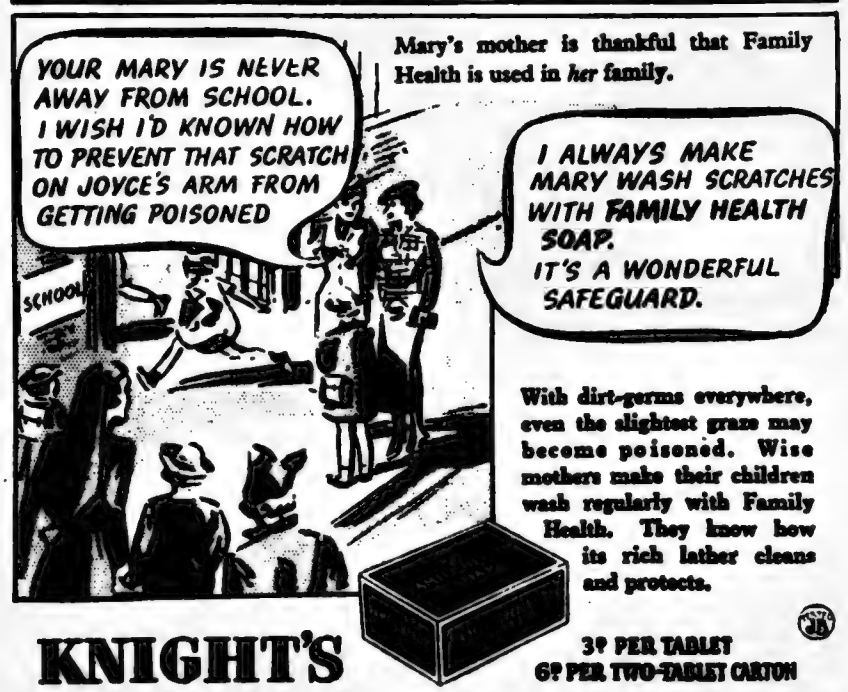
.....

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

John Bull, 2/7/38.

FAMILY STORIES
Helping Mother
MARY'S GETTING QUITE A BIG GIRL NOW, MRS ROBINSON
YES - SHE'S QUITE A HELP IN THE HOUSE, TOO!
WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED, YOU CAN GRATE THIS NUTMEG FOR ME, MARY
Mary loves helping her mother in the kitchen.

Accidents will happen, but Mary's mother knows that Family Health's safe cleansing prevents these everyday scratches becoming dirt-contaminated.
OH, MOTHER, I'VE GRAZED MY FINGER!
LET'S WASH IT AT ONCE WITH FAMILY HEALTH


YOUR MARY IS NEVER AWAY FROM SCHOOL. I WISH I'D KNOWN HOW TO PREVENT THAT SCRATCH ON JOYCE'S ARM FROM GETTING POISONED
SCHOOL
Mary's mother is thankful that Family Health is used in her family.
I ALWAYS MAKE MARY WASH SCRATCHES WITH FAMILY HEALTH SOAP. IT'S A WONDERFUL SAFEGUARD.
With dirt-germs everywhere, even the slightest graze may become poisoned. Wise mothers make their children wash regularly with Family Health. They know how its rich lather cleans and protects.
KNIGHT'S
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP
3p PER TABLET
6p PER TWO-TABLET CARTON

KH 32-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED. Soap Makers since 1810

Have others have you admired a charming, even full figure or envied the woman with a graceful, perfect carriage? If you have whispered to yourself that your figure could never be like that you were wrong. You can have an attractive figure too if only you will wear the right foundation. AMBROSE WILSON'S wonderful new "ALL-IN-ONE" CORSELETTE combines all the good features of a corset, belt and brassiere in one garment. It is worn by all really well-dressed women because they know that it alone can give them the right support with a sleek unbroken fashion line from shoulder to thigh. Try one of these Corselettes on in the privacy of your own home. See for yourself how closely the Slim Corselette fits over the firm Under-belt which gives such uplift and support to obesity, and preserves your youthful charm. And it's so comfy.

1/- Send for one now — DEPOSIT (plus 6d. postage) secures an "ALL-IN-ONE" CORSELETTE true to your own measurements ON APPROVAL. If not delighted deposit refunded immediately. Full price is 8/11 but balance is payable either in one sum or 2/- monthly (NO EXTRA FOR EASY TERMS). Made in strong, hard-wearing TEA ROSE BROCHE of beautiful quality with elastic side panels over the hips. The busk in underbelt is completely concealed. Spiral steels are used, but only where absolutely necessary. There is no heavy boning. Adjustable shoulder straps aid the uplift effect of the brassiere. Sizes from 25" to 46" bust. Send coupon without delay.

FULL PRICE 8/11 NO EXTRA FOR EASY TERMS

COUPON Enclose P.O. for 1/- (deposit) & postage with name (Mrs. or Miss) & address & Bust, Waist & Hips measurements. (Overseas full cash.) J. Bull, 2/7/38

Please send me an "ALL-IN-ONE" CORSELETTE.

Bust.	Waist.	Hips.

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WORLD'S LARGEST FIRM, CORSET CHEST HOUSE
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ACID STOMACH ENDED AT LAST!

Instant Relief from Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia.

Most of us suffer from Acid Stomach. When we eat too much acid-producing food, as we all do, the food ferments. Then we get Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Pain after Eating, Sour Stomach.

There's only one way really to relieve Indigestion, only one way to prevent it—Counteract that excess acidity. And now there's a certain, safe and pleasant way to do it—'Alka-Seltzer.'

Drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in water. It makes a pleasant, refreshing, sparkling drink that will bring you almost instant relief. It breaks the wind, stops the pain and discomfort, and helps you not only to get well but to keep well.

If you have a Headache from sickness or worry or over-indulgence, 'Alka-Seltzer' will stop it at once. If you have a Cold, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, 'Alka-Seltzer' will help you to get rid of them.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It is not a laxative.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

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INSTANTLY RELIEVED
SPEEDY CERTAIN SAFE
Dr SINGHA
BRAND TABLETS
1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- & 20/- AT ALL CHEMISTS
TEST IT FREE ENCLOSE 3D IN STAMPS TO COVER POSTAGE & PACKING OF TRIAL SUPPLY
Dr SINGHA CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.11) CAERNARVON

Reader's Story

by A. Saunders, Reg. 302,191
Southgate Road, Old Swan, Liverpool

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S MYSTERY

I HAD been in Brighton about three days when I met the brunette. She was tall and pretty, with large brown eyes. I had gone into a café for lunch and we shared a table.

Being on holiday and romantically inclined, I did my best to get into conversation with her, for I was lonely.

At the same time, I didn't want her to misunderstand my intentions.

I began by asking her if she was on holiday.

"Yes," she said. "I'm staying down here with my father." She named a big hotel, and then asked me if I were on holiday too.

Her friendly attitude pleased me, and for the first time since I had been down there I felt happy.

Leaving the café, we strolled down to the front. It was a glorious day and very hot. I suggested we went for a swim.

"That'll be fine," she said.

After bathing for about an hour she went home, promising to see me in the evening.

"You don't mind if I bring daddy along, do you?" she asked.

I did mind, but I said that that would be all right.

Her father was a tall, fair man and he was most charming and generous.

Wherever we went he insisted on paying the bills, which proved rather embarrassing, because I felt I was imposing on him.

Late at night we went and had coffee in a café on the front, and it was then that he asked me about myself.

I told him that I lived with my parents and that I was in the motor trade.

"Motor-cars, eh!" he said. "What do you do?"

I was really only a junior, but to impress him I said I was a salesman.

HE mentioned several firms by name; and asked me if I knew certain people. Then he told me that he hadn't driven for years.

"I had a serious accident a few years ago," he said, "and I haven't driven since."

"We have to employ a chauffeur," the girl broke in. "Do you drive?" she asked.

I could drive any make of car, and told them so.

"Perhaps he could drive us one evening, daddy?" the girl suggested.

Her father said he would be delighted, and so it was arranged that we went for a drive the following night.

"I shall be tied up until nine," he said, "so you two can go out and enjoy yourselves until then. Meet me——" He paused and thought for awhile. "Perhaps you can 'phone me, dear," he added, looking at his daughter.

"All right," she said.

She proved to be the most fascinating girl I had ever met. I don't mind confessing that I fell for her in a big way. She seemed to like me, too, and I thought that it might be more than a holiday flirtation.

It was getting dark when Nancy—that was her name—went to 'phone her father.

On her return she said that he wouldn't be ready for half an hour, so we sat on the front and talked.

"You know I'm very fond of you," I said.

She looked at me.

"I am fond of you, too," she said.

"I'd like to see more of you," I went on.

Nancy looked sadly in her lap.

"I'd like to see you," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't. We go to America the week after next."

I was holding her hand and watching the moonbeams dancing on the waves before us.

When the time came for us to meet her father, I was convinced that she was the only girl I should ever love.

HER father was standing on the corner of the street near the hotel, and was waving us to hurry. As we approached he disappeared down a side street. I saw him standing by a big Buick. "Come on," he said, as we came up, "let's get going."

"Where shall we go?" I asked, after I'd started up.

"Follow the coast road," he said. "I want to call on an old friend."

"You mean Monty?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, I hear he returned the other day."

Just then I realised I did not know their surname. Nancy was sitting next to me, and as we drove along, I asked: "By the way, what's your other name?"

"Names don't matter," she laughed.

"You don't want to tell me, then?"

But I got no answer, and I inferred she had a good reason for not telling me.

A few minutes later her father asked me to turn up a lane. We followed this for about two miles and eventually came to a village.

On the other side of this he told me to stop at a large house, which stood in its own grounds.

Nancy's father got out, surveyed the place, and then went in. "Wait here," he said.

He was gone about half an hour.

When her father reappeared, he seemed terribly excited.

Jumping into the car, he said: "Step on it—drive as fast as you can."

I was perplexed. I couldn't make head or tail of his behaviour.

I drove into Hove as fast as I've ever driven in my life. He told me to stop there.

"I want to telephone somebody," he said to Nancy.

"Very well, daddy," she said, "I'll come with you."

THAT was the last I saw of either one of them. I must have waited two hours before I became suspicious.

It suddenly occurred to me that they were crooks. I'd been thinking of the drive and the father's excitement on leaving that country house.

Putting two and two together, I saw it all. They had got me to drive the car while the father—if he was her father—committed a burglary.

The car was obviously stolen. Realising this, I hurried away.

My first impulse was to inform the police.

Then a memory came back to me. . . . A memory of a bench on the front, of moonlight on the waves, and Nancy's voice saying, "I'm fond of you, too."

A holiday flirtation? Perhaps.

But certainly not the kind of story the police would understand.

Race with Silver Ring

St. Leger Favourites

SEVERAL correspondents have asked what is favourite for the St. Leger. Bois Roussel, the runaway Derby winner, is not in the Doncaster classic, and in the only ante-post list I have seen Scottish Union has been made a 5-2 chance, with Pound Foolish at 5-1 and the Ascot winner Foroughi at "eights."

There are 98 horses left in the St. Leger at the moment and another forfeit is due a week before the race.

I like Cave Man better than the three horses mentioned in the betting. Lord Astor's colt gave a game display when winning at the Royal meeting, and he is bred to stay.

Another candidate who may have to be considered is Captain Boyd-Rochfort's Olympus. He has not won a race, but is by Gallant Fox, the sire of Omaha and Flares, and has taken some time to mature.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, June 30, to Wednesday, July 6.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTK297M would read SNOOZE.

"The Greatest of These"

NEW appeals are being made to Parliament to reconsider the lot of disabled and unemployed ex-Service men.

And so JOHN BULL chooses this time to make another general appeal to you to help our War Sufferers' Fund.

More than ever is it essential for us to continue the work of helping those ex-Service men and their families who are living precarious lives, fighting against illness and unemployment to keep their homes together.

It is our wish that no genuine appeal should be refused.

Donations should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A list of subscriptions is kept at this office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on fairest of Easy Terms

Wherever you live, our keen Prices & Easy Terms are for YOU

2/6 Monthly

Torbay

Beautifully produced in plain Art. Silk Slub with Linen effect, this dainty Costume makes an ideal style for Holiday and General Summer wear. The unlined Coat is cut in the newest fashion with short sleeves and deep pointed collar, while the cut-away front fastens with fancy buttons. An all-round self-material belt with slide provides an excellent finish. Smartness also distinguishes the skirt which has centre seams in front terminating at the hem in inverted pleats. Exceptionally fine Value. Available in Turquoise, Apple, Pink, and Gold. Sizes: S.S.W. to W. (Busts 33 to 36ins.) Skirt lengths: 38 to 34ins. Price **13/6** Terms: 2/6 monthly.

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Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement Form & full particulars. Send per return Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' & Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Maternity Clothing, etc.

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Want a good shag?

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

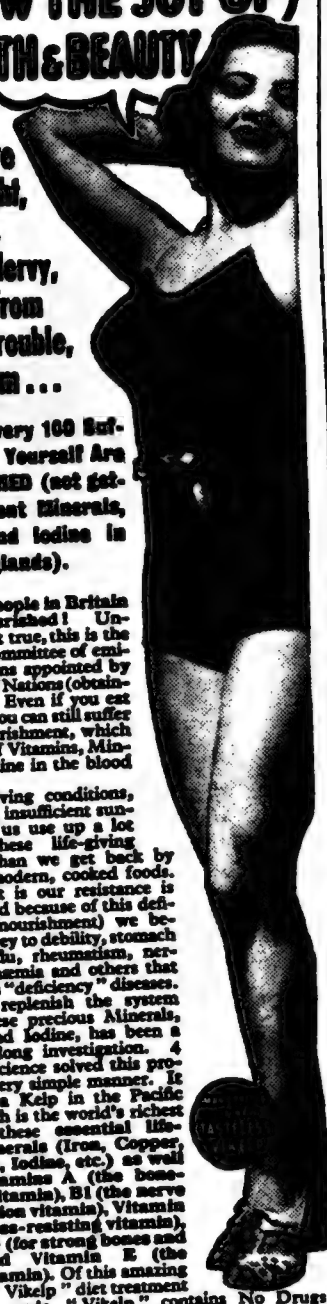
8d PER OZ.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** SHAG

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

OVERCOME MALNOURISHMENT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE JOY OF HEALTH & BEAUTY



You who are Underweight, Run-down, Anæmic, Nervy, Suffering from Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism . . .

88 Out of Every 100 Sufferers Like Yourself Are MALNOURISHED (not getting sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Iodine in blood and glands).

20 Million People in Britain Are Malnourished! Unbelievable but true, this is the report of a committee of eminent physicians appointed by the League of Nations (obtainable for 2s.). Even if you eat lots of food, you can still suffer from Malnourishment, which means lack of Vitamins, Minerals and Iodine in the blood and glands.

Modern living conditions, worry, noise, insufficient sunshine, make us use up a lot more of these life-giving substances than we get back by eating our modern, cooked foods.

The result is our resistance is weakened and because of this deficiency (Malnourishment) we become easy prey to debility, stomach disorders, 'flu, rheumatism, nervousness, anæmia and others that are known as "deficiency" diseases.

How to replenish the system with all these precious Minerals, Vitamins and Iodine, has been a subject of long investigation. 4 years ago Science solved this problem in a very simple manner. It discovered a Kelp in the Pacific Ocean which is the world's richest source of these essential life-giving Minerals (Iron, Copper, Potassium, Iodine, etc.) as well as the Vitamins A (the bone-building vitamin), B1 (the nerve and digestion vitamin), Vitamin C (the illness-resisting vitamin), Vitamin D (for strong bones and teeth) and Vitamin E (the virility vitamin). Of this amazing sea plant, "Vikelp" diet treatment tablets are made. "Vikelp" contains No Drugs.

With these additional precious elements in "Vikelp" you quickly overcome Malnourishment, and as a result, normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength, banish deficiency diseases such as rheumatism, anæmia, goitre, stomach disorders, etc., and add lbs. of fine, firm flesh if you are underweight.

MAKE THIS "NO COST" TEST

If you are weak, rundown, nervous, can't sleep and even if lots of food fails to give you strength and energy, try "Vikelp" Mineral-Vitamin Diet Treatment tablets for 10 days. If you don't feel, sleep and eat better, have stronger nerves, banish deficiency ailments and add pounds of firm "stay-there" flesh (if you are "too thin"), the trial is free. To be obtained everywhere, without that salty ocean taste. Many prefer this new tasteless tablet.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER!

Tear out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to Add Weight if needed — Banish Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, and Anæmia. Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 6/8. 19 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

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FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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"A few months ago my wife suffered terrible agonising pains, she could not move a joint; her fingers were bent with Rheumatism . . . decided to give them (Urace Brand Tablets) a trial . . . my wife is walking about to-day as nimble as anyone."—S. R., Hull. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

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Banish Catarrh Effectively

A special treatment for all forms of Catarrh is now obtainable in useful form for home use. Readers can send for free test. Turn to page 29 and fill in and send the coupon for full particulars.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

IF YOU WANT TO BE FIT IN EVERY WAY

Turn to the SPECIAL OFFER on Pages 4 and 5

"The World-Beater" Course of Home Training—for only 1/- a week!

GET full particulars of this offer explaining in detail how you can get fit and remain fit by a simple course of physical culture carried out in your own home, and at only 1/- weekly! Valuable Cash Prizes are also being offered! Turn to pages 4 and 5, and send the coupon now, while you think of it!

CROSSWORD No. 116

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

PRESENTED on pages 32 and 33 is the one hundred and sixteenth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 28, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to "Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of 2,500 Guineas will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain. Leatherwaistered Seat. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Hold all Bag. Reflector. Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model free-wheel, fixed sprocket, 3 brakes, £5.5.0 or 6/6 monthly. Bicycles Easy Terms. Catalogue Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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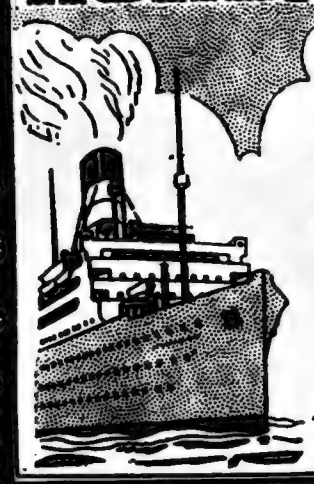
Win a Luxury WORLD CRUISE, FORTUNE & PENSION in John Bull's

40,000-MILE HOLIDAY TOUR FOR TWO



IN S.S. "FRANCONIA"

At "John Bull's" expense, Winner and companion will visit New York—Trinidad—Rio de Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town — Bombay — Colombo—Singapore—Bangkok—Java—Bali—Australia—New Zealand—Honolulu—California (including Hollywood) — Panama Canal—New York and so home to Liverpool.

plus

£500 CASH and £5 WEEKLY for LIFE

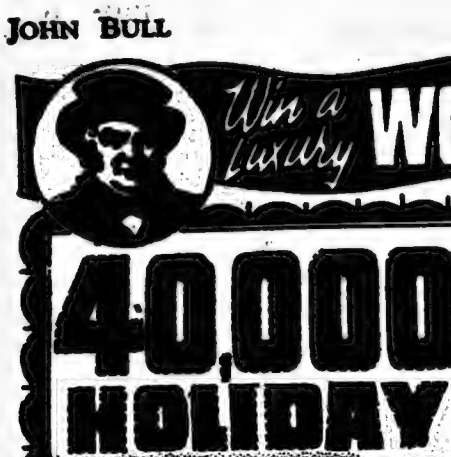
"JOHN BULL'S" SIXTH GREAT "ROUND-THE-WORLD" PRIZE — OR LUMP SUM OF 2,500 GUINEAS

HOW TO ENTER

Use for your World Cruise Entry either Squares in these pages or the "Time-Sava" Entry Sheets also provided.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 116. Closing Sat., July 16.



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

CROSSWORD No. 116, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL — X-Word No. 116. Closing Sat. JULY 16.

Study these Clues

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6d ENTRY-FEE

ACROSS

1. Charitable person does this when need is great
4. Dressing-gown in shop-window will probably have this on it
6. You may get a shock when you turn this
7. People may concentrate on this when sniping
8. Part of circle beginning arch
10. Should always be well balanced
13. Builders are required to do this on some jobs
15. It may not be easy to keep this in very hot weather
17. Is frequently split
24. Insect in pantry
25. When there are repairs to be done it's useful to have this available
26. Ash-coloured

DOWN

1. Clever footballer does, to help side score
2. One bears with this
3. Person who does this quickly soon gets tired
5. Word meaning "same again"
8. Short one with buttons may be useful
11. It's foolish to risk injury in this
12. Passage through this is seldom straight
14. Housewife may have them for baking cakes
15. Some so-called modern ideas strike one as really this
18. You'll avoid this if you're a sensible chap
19. When you use one it may help to clear things up
20. It's infuriating to be attacked by one
21. Bill of fare in restaurant
22. One doesn't expect brilliant political speaker to do this
23. People generally think it wrong to be this

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE

First, work out Puzzle on ordinary Square, with aid of Clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each Clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns, print in complete words ONLY where you wish to indicate Answers DIFFERING from first Column. All word spaces left blank in second, third and fourth columns will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at these points.

I submit this Entry for X-word 116 on the understanding that first Column and each subsequent Column containing word or words shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of correct X-word figure, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and endorse

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

COLOSSAL HOLIDAY X-WORD!

£200 ADDITIONAL PRIZES FOR CORRECT SOLVERS

FREE GIFT

this special 6d. Voucher enables you to submit

FOUR ENTRIES FOR COST OF THREE

Special WORLD CRUISE Presentation Voucher

I enclose.....paid 6d. Entries (NOT FEWER THAN 3) with full Entry-fee necessary (NOT LESS THAN 1s. 6d.). Please accept this 6d. "John Bull" Voucher in lieu of Entry-fee on Additional Crossword Entry also enclosed. (N.B.—Entrant may use one 6d. Free Voucher with each three 6d. Entries submitted, provided all bear same name and address and are enclosed in same envelope).

Signed.....

Voucher valid only for X-word No. 116 and if used as directed.

VALUE 6D

CUT ROUND HERE

CLOSING SAT. JULY 16.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form) to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand to reach us not later than Saturday, July 16, 1938.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 28. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 2, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, 2,500 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 31.

FREE "BULLETS" PRIVILEGE

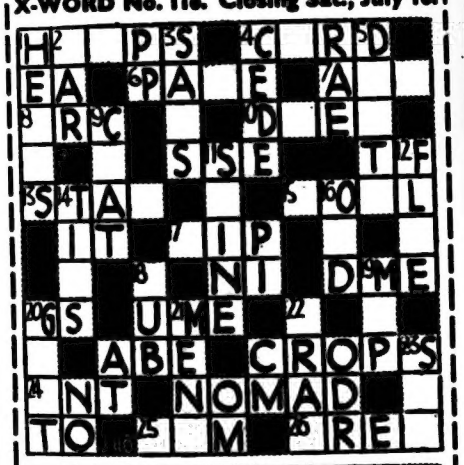
With Crossword entry of 1s. 6d. or more, you are entitled to enclose one *Bullets* coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE.

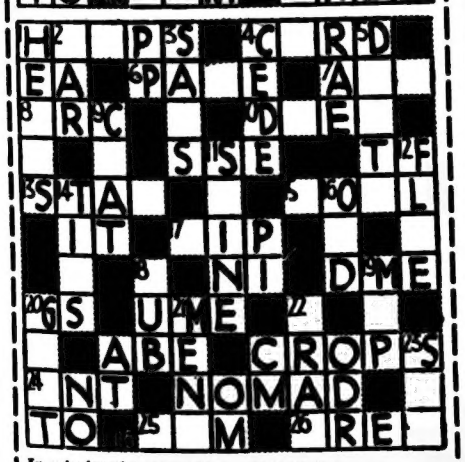
EXTRA FORMS

For this special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. Further Entry Forms will be published in these pages next week; for additional supply send penny postcard to John Bull's "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

X-WORD No. 116. Closing Sat., July 16.





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P.O. Value.....

No. .....

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN

The greatest possible assistance to would-be Crossword winners is a study of the Reasons for the Adjudication Committee's findings, published each week in JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2.

4 Big Cheques won in Crossword No. 113

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 113, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

S. ANDERSON, 385, Sunderland Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

MRS. HALL, 54, Lower Rook St., Barnoldswick, Via Colne.

G. LISTER, Jnr., 110, Errol St., Liverpool.

E. I. B. RUNDLE, 255, St. John's Lane, Bedminster, Bristol.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £800, and a cheque for £200 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

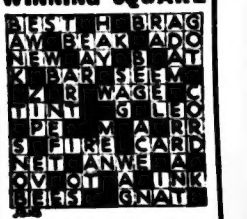
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £200 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 84 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £2 7s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 683 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS—1. BEST. 4. BRAG. 6. BEAK. 8. NEW. 11. SEEN. 13. WAGE. 15. TINT. 19. FIRE. 21. CARD. 22. INK. 24. BEES. 25. GNAT.
DOWN—1. BARK. 2. EWE. 3. NAY. 5. ADAM. 7. EAR. 9. BEG. 10. ART. 11. SAG. 12. ZIP. 14. CORD. 16. HEN. 17. ACE. 18. SHOE. 20. RAT. 22. WAG.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending a penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2.

READER'S ABSORBING WORLD CRUISE DIARY—SEE PAGE 18

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

"Time-Sava" ENTRY SHEET JOHN BULL X-Word No. 116. Closing Sat. JULY 16.

Study these Clues

ACROSS

1. Charitable person does this when need is great
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6. You may get a shock when you turn this
7. People may concentrate on this when singing
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23. Ash-coloured

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1. Clever footballer does, to help side score
2. One scores with this
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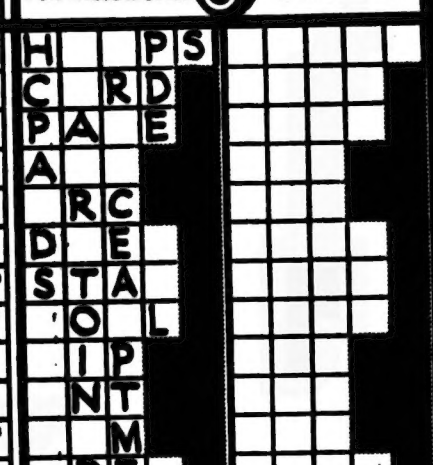
FOR THESE 2 COLS. 6D ENTRY-FEE



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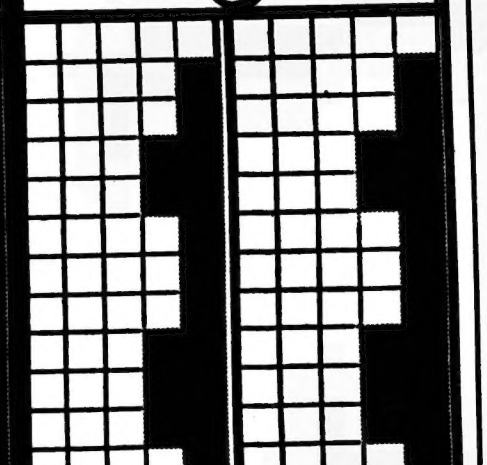

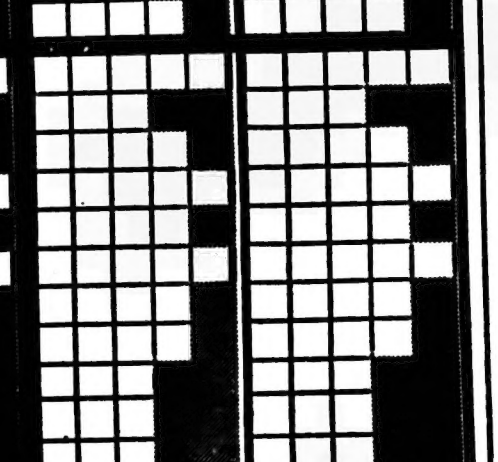

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P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RHEUMATISM

"At 68 I feel like 40"

It was not shock or shell that disabled Capt. J. J. B., in 1918—it was that crippling enemy, Rheumatism. For months he lay in bed scarcely able to move. "I tried everything, including doctors' treatment," he writes, "with no avail."

"Two years ago," he goes on, "I started taking Fynnon Salt. After the first month I could feel a great change. At the end of a year I was completely cured. To prevent a recurrence of the dread malady, I still take Fynnon Salt, and shall continue to do so. It is also an excellent remedy for keeping the liver and other organs in perfect order. In spite of my 68 years, I do not feel a day older than 40. I put this down to taking Fynnon Salt."

This ex-Officer's experience adds to the long list of almost miraculous successes of Fynnon Salt in all forms of Rheumatism. But can you wonder at it? After all, Fynnon Salt is a blend of those curative natural elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium which have made certain Spas world famous. A teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning is Nature's own Rheumatic remedy. Large tins 1/3 from all Chemists.

X-rayed 11 times for STOMACH TROUBLE

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind, indigestion and stomach sickness? If so, read the letter below, and follow the good advice it contains.

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly six years," writes Mr. J. H. "I have tried hundreds of remedies but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital and they put me under X-ray eleven times and gave me lots of medicine but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly six years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine if the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on both bottle and carton. Powder or Tablets 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Also pocket tins of Tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.

PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT ALE OR STOUT

SPLENDID TONIC AND FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM VIGGORMALT. The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Malt and Hops. Free Yeast with Each Tin—Simply add Cold Water. Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt today from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International Co-ops, Parkes or any Store Chemist or Grocer: or send stamps or P.O. for 1/- direct to Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 72, Davigdor Rd., Hove, Sussex. Post Free U.K. and Eire. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

GREY HAIR banished

HINDES HAIR TINT is harmless for restoring and preserving the natural colour of the hair. Contains no grease. Easy to apply. Cannot be detected. Four shades: Light Brown, Dark Brown, Brown, Black. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers 2/6 per bottle.

HINDES HAIRTINT

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 5 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Exact size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Compact Stowaway Carriage, fold-over handle, rubber grip; sprung chassis; footbrake; ribbed cushion tyres; mudguards, hood and storm apron; safety belt. In Wedgwood Blue, Grey, Green, Navy, or Black. Carriage Paid. 6d/6 or 7/- monthly. Catalogue of Frams Free.

Body 30in long

7/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

COMEDIAN (Ashford).—"As I left the stage to the thunderous applause of the audience, plaster began to fall from the theatre ceiling, causing considerable panic." You brought the house down!

T. B. (Leicester).—"The police arrested the pickpocket just as he was sneaking out of the cricket ground by crawling through the hedge." Caught on the boundary, as it were.

N. H. (Plymouth).—"I'd been reprimanded for joking about a girl's flowing gown at a local dance, but worse was to follow when I partnered her at a waltz." You put your foot in it?

L. M. (Oxford).—"A quiet river is an ideal place for a gramophone." But take care your neighbour doesn't see you popping it in.

CRICKET FAN (Sussex).—"Lancashire may be in a good position now, but where will she be at the end of the season?" To the west of Yorkshire, as usual.

* * *

WAYFARER (Bodmin).—"How can I turn my hands to something that will benefit me financially?" Palms upwards.

T. R. (Cardiff).—"Our new maid eats twice as much as the last one did." Probably, to make up for it, she'll stay only half as long.

D. F. (Newhaven).—"My naturalist friend could not tell me what bats do in the winter-time." But surely he knew that they split, if they are not oiled?

* * *

SALESMAN (Ware).—"What lines do you recommend I should bring before my customers?" Dotted ones.

P. H. (Frome).—"A wealthy bachelor friend of mine confesses that he has never taken a girl out to dinner in his life." That explains why he is wealthy.

A. T. (Erith).—"What is more likely to make a man spring to his feet than the glad sight of the blue summer sky outside?" A drawing-pin on his chair.

W. E. (Wavertree).—"When I went to ask the man for a job, he showed me the door." That was the only opening he could offer you?

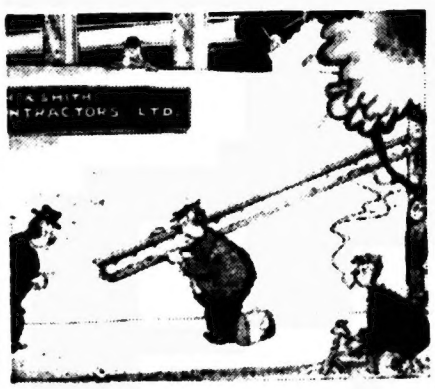
* * *

CORPORAL (Aldershot).—"The sentry swore that he could see a ghost and kept lunging at it with his bayonet." Some people stick at nothing.

T. F. (Exeter).—"I am told that people who are colour-blind seldom lose their tempers." Well, of course, they cannot see red.

E. N. (Hull).—"If you wake up in the morning and see spots in front of your eyes, what does it mean?" That it's raining.

D. N. (Taplow).—"I was summoned for backing a horse through a window and had to pay a £2 fine." And yet we had a two-shilling bet on the Tote at Ascot with impunity.



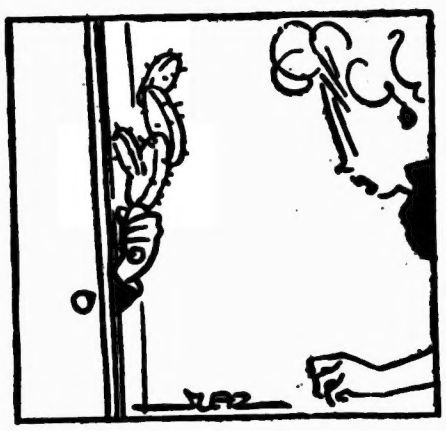
"I know your boy has a Meccano set, but you really must stop taking the girders home!"
(From "The Passing Show.")

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Beach Inspector—Thought Auntie's Basket, Stall!

Dad

Makes it Up

by Maz



S. M. (Brighton).—"Will straw boaters for holiday wear ever come back?" Not unless the tide brings them.

M. G. M. (Worthing).—"A man who marries an extravagant woman is simply out of luck." And pocket.

R. L. (Doncaster).—"Where do you intend going for your summer holiday this year?" Away.

* * *

CAMPER (Croydon).—"I had trouble with the tent, and was up half the night." Because the tent wasn't?

L. T. (Derby).—"The majority of people dislike medicine, I take it." Then you can have ours.

B. H. (Colne).—"My yachting holiday was completely spoilt by high winds and huge waves." That was rough!

B. S. (Rugeley).—"Can you tell me the best thing to do when one can hardly keep their eyes open?" Shut them.

H. H. (Sidcup).—"What would you call that offensive type of man who is always trying to borrow money?" An optimist.

R. D. (Ely).—"I am sure my son is going to turn out a worthy citizen." Why? Doesn't he like him?

* * *

SCHOOLBOY (Reading).—"Our English master told us to write an essay on a horse." That's a change from doing it at home.

Miss N. (Dawlish).—"What reply can a girl give to a man who tells her that she looks sweet enough to eat?" That she does eat, of course.

P. J. (Norwich).—"There's a windmill for sale for a few pounds near here." All the same, we think we will stick to the electric fan we have had in the office for several years.

TOMMY (Finchley).—"Having missed the last train, I was starting to walk back to school when a thunderstorm became imminent." Things began to look black for you.

Miss M. B. (Exeter).—"Holidays with pay are fine, if your pay is enough for a holiday. Mine isn't." You'll find the answer to that one on opposite page, where a Holiday with Pension is waiting for someone—why not you?

Mrs. T. (Carmarthen).—"I don't see why my husband should be annoyed because I am going to give my mother a travelling trunk for her birthday." Perhaps he thinks she might take it as an invitation to visit you.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EVENING EXPRESS:—"In January of this year my husband entered a nursing home for CHRISTMAS."

STROUD NEWS AND GLOUCESTER COUNTY ADVERTISER:—"She carried a bouquet of [illegible]donna LIES."

[illegible]INGHAM EVENING DISPATCH SPORTS[illegible]FF:—"He must not be brought to [illegible]ont until the last IMPOSSIBLE [illegible]t."

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER:—"Soldiers and Unemployed Beat Out BLAMES."

FISHGUARD COUNTY ECHO:—"He had been complaining of his DEATH at different times, but latterly was very well."

HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"Windows, however, would have to be protected, preferably by earth or HANDBAGS."

Win over £1,000 IN PENSION CHEQUES DURING THE NEXT 20 YEARS by CAPTURING 20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY

YOUR "BULLETS" FAMILY HOLIDAY

provided by "John Bull," covers free accommodation, free meals, free bathing, boating, dancing, and all entertainments for two adults and one or two children. By special arrangement, a luxury Chalet at Butlin's famous Holiday Centre at Skegness or Clacton will be completely at winner's disposal for a glorious week of seaside enjoyment during August or September.

FINE 2-IN-1 FIRST-OR LUMP SUM OF £250

2ND PRIZE £50 PLUS HOLIDAY | 3RD PRIZE £25 PLUS HOLIDAY

£100 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE

£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

£4 | 10 of £3 | 25 of 10/-

200 3-in-1 HOLIDAY AWARDS | 6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES.

ONE WEEK ONLY—CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JULY 9

ENTER the best effort for the seasonable big new Life Pension and Holiday Offer now before you and, on Friday, July 22, a golden Joy Wire will bring you congratulations on capturing an income of 20s. Weekly and also a glorious Seaside Week with your family.

In addition to the Life Pension Prize-winner both the Second and Third Prize-winners will find that their cheques are accompanied by JOHN BULL'S invitation to enjoy a wonderful week of varied seaside relaxation and entertainment at one of Butlin's famous holiday centres.

Think of it—a Life Income *and* a Free Holiday for half an hour's amusing juggling with words!

'BULLETS' 1,124 RESULT

First Prize, £2 Weekly for Life, or £500 Cash:

E. J. TAYLOR, 15, North Gardens, Colliers Wood, London, S.W.

Example: JUST A LITTLE
Bullet: LOVE DAILY—DAY LOVELY.

SECOND PRIZE £50:

H. MACDONALD, 24, Mamore Road, Kinlochleven, Argyll.

Example: My Struggle
Bullet: Undressing Baby—"Dressing" Wife!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE £25:

G. B. BENNETT, Elmore, Southmead Road, Filton, Bristol.

Example: Coal
Bullet: Miner's "Bread And *Butcher*."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: A. V. CLOTHIER, 27, Canberra Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.
Just A Little—Praise, Carves "Mountain's" Footholds.

£9: Mrs. J. GRAY, 31, Woodland Terrace, Washington, Co. Durham.
When First We Met—Unforgettable Moment—Time Forgotten.

£8: D. GREEN, 3, Wheelwright Road, Birmingham.
Just A Little—While Below, While Above—.

£7: J. LIGHTFOOT, 5, Newton Hill Square, nr. Wakefield, Yorks.
Ruined The Match—Celebrity's Duck—Rustic's Century!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: J. EVANS, 54, Sackville Street, Derby.
Just A Little—Tired Smile, Granny's Goodbye.

£5: C. HALL, 48, The Gardens, Peckham Rye, London, S.E.
In Auntie's Milk Bar—Dying For Drink, Bailiff!

£4: J. W. PATTESON, 71, Castle Street, Grimsby.
Stinging Reply—Before Henpeck Framed Question!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 OF £3 EACH:

W. R. DAVIS, 2, Priory Avenue, Harlow, Essex.
By The Silvery Sea—I'm "King," Miking.

E. N. ELBURN, "Egremont," Orchard Leigh, Chesham, Bucks.
How We Should Laugh If—A Studio Audience *Booed!*
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. P. GABB 52, Dewsland Park Road, Newport, Mon.
Grandpa's Holiday—Spoilt—Place *Hadn't* Changed!

F. W. HARPER, 33, Browning Road, Plymouth.
By The Silvery Sea—"Heaven"—Till "Cherubs" Bored.

Miss A. RENTON, 8, Bon-Accord Street, Clydebank, N.B.
My Struggle—Led To *Her* "Dictatorship."

T. P. ROE, 20, Sandringham Avenue, Whiston, Rotherham, Yorks.
When First We Met—Tongue-tied—"Tie" Loosened Tongue.

G. J. R. THURLOW, 276, Lady Margaret Road, Southall.
Without A Seat—Auntie—Sitting Down, Donkey!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

R. C. VAUGHAN, Pont Wgan, Ty'n-y-groes, Conway, N. Wales.
With Furrowed Brow — Algy — Hair Wouldn't Kink!

Miss E. M. WELLS, 264, The Avenue, West Wickham, Kent.
When First We Met—Daisy-chain Was Finery Enough.

F. WILLIAMS, 53, Ynysymaerdy Road, Briton Ferry, Glam.
Gave Sonny A Pain — But Saved "Slipper." Apologising.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 5s. Surprise Award winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

To win one of this week's big Cash-plus-Holiday prizes, simply fit together TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, WHEN THE FOREMAN'S AWAY, suggested an idea like, *Less Discipline, But Just As Much Work Done*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, WHEN THE FOREMAN'S AWAY—MORE NOISE *And* "HARMONY."

Before beginning on your efforts, study the winners in our 1,124th Contest. Then make a start, remembering that your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, July 9.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

TO PREVENT WAR
PROUD PEOPLE
DOWN CAME A BOMB AND
SUCCESS'S PLUMS
BE CAREFUL, NEVILLE
KING GOLD
WHEN LIFE'S UPHILL
PROFITEER'S NIGHTMARE
COST OF A HOLIDAY
WITHOUT A HUSBAND
ROCKS AHEAD
PROSPERITY'S BAROMETER
MUDDLE—MUDDLE—MUDDLE
VILLAGE BRADMAN
WHEN SONNY WENT CAMPING
NOT GOOD ENOUGH
LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
I HAD HOPES, BUT
AFTER HOURS
ALTHOUGH HE LOST
NEARLY DROWNED
PANIC ON THE PIER
WHAT STARTED IT
NEVER FAILS
IN MOTHER'S DAY
A SCREAM
WHEN SHE'S IN
THREADBARE
BRINGS OUT THE BEST
ENOUGH TO MAKE A SAINT SWEAR
BRITISH TOURIST
WHEN THE FOREMAN'S AWAY

New Service for Readers

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,128 and Crossword No. 116, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,128) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 9. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

ENTER NAME AND FULL ADDRESS ON EACH COUPON.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,128) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 9. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 9.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,128) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., July 9. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1128 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,128, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,128 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,128, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

BAD CIRCULATION

and all CIRCULATORY DISORDERS

The Great Biomedical Remedy

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

REGISTERED

Cures Through The Blood!

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; *it is deficient in certain vital constituents,* and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

ELASTO dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, piles, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.* Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy, which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read what Users of Elasto say—

"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*No sign of varicose veins now.*"

"*My Doctor highly praises Elasto.*"

"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"

"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"

"*Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto.*"

"*Now free from piles.*"

"*After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs.*"

"*Elasto has cured by bad leg.*"

"*The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day.*"

"*I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured.*"

"*The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

"*My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto.*"

"*It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath.*"

"*I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic.*"

"*I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me.*"

"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better.*"

"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 60.*"

"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit.*"

"*No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years.*"

"*I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto.*"

"*Elasto has quite cured my eczema.*"

"*My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health.*"

Etc.

NO AILMENT resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad leg) heal naturally *and the cure is lasting,* piles vanish, and rheumatism in all its forms is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical,* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by *Elasto, the Wonderful New Biomedical Remedy.*

POST COUPON BELOW FOR A FREE SAMPLE!

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES.

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15 D.), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON **FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO**

ELASTO (Dept. 15. D.), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. ★

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser,* cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 2738 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

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